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SOME WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN

By Maarten Maartens

"JOHN"

JOHN was a Dutchwoman.

Well, no, she was hardly a woman—a mere slip of a girl. When I first saw her she was a hobbledehoy.

"Yes, my daughter is a very great trouble to me," said her mother, Mevrouw Barends; "a source of continual vexation. She is rougher and noisier, I think, than the four boys put together. Well, perhaps that is only my fancy. You see, you hear a girl's whistling, and you hardly hear a boy's. But all my governesses leave me; you see, she makes apple-pie beds for them and booby traps, and puts cobbler's wax on their chairs, and goodness only knows what more she does! She is certainly most wild and reckless. 'Madame,' said my last but one English governess to me—poor little worn-out creature—'I can do nothing, madame, with your daughter. She is Satan's daughter, Sin!'"

"Surely that was rather rude to you," I ventured.

"But a little judicious training——" began my aunt.

"Training? How, pray, would you train a girl of sixteen? My husband trains the four boys with a cane till they tremble in their shoes. But he makes the queerest distinctions; even when she was a tiny baby he would allow nobody to slap the girl."

"Certainly not," said my aunt with some heat.

"Well, what will you have? The boys never get into any mischief at all; John, the tomboy, never seems out of it." I suppose my aunt understood it was hopeless to discuss her favorite hobby, pedagogy.

"The boys, then, I suppose," she said, "are good at their books?"

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Stout Mevrouw Barends heaved a comfortable sigh. "Well, no," she said, "I cannot say they are. None of them learn well; their masters are full of complaints. But what will you have? They know they are the children of Jan Barends. Their bread is buttered, they think, in this world."

"Riches take unto themselves wings!" said my aunt sententiously. "In our day they flash away along the telegraph!"

Mevrouw Barends smiled complacently, folding her fat hands across her stiff silk dress. "Very true," she said. "Oh, very true! Only last week there was Porder & Sons failed for a million!"

And the two ladies went off into eager discussion of the details which had got known about Mevrouw Porder's destitution. Meanwhile I reflected on the peculiarities, as far as I knew them, of this strange girl, John Barends.

Her real name was, of course, not John. I believe, but I am not sure, that it was Annie. In the nursery, her brothers, weary of her demands to be a boy, had, with much ceremony, solemnly rechristened her "John." It was their father's name; none of them bore it; they thus remedied what the family had always considered an oversight.

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Three of John's brothers were her juniors; one was two years older. They were all of them fair, mealy-skinned, lanky, unremarkable lads.

They overdressed for their age, with smart neckties, and gave themselves airs, as far as they dared, at their various day schools. Their father was an India merchant, reported, and proved by his splendid style of living, to be exceedingly wealthy. His big head and fine presence were important features in the public life of the city; he had long been a member of the town council and of various committees, charitable, artistic, educational; everybody stepped out of his way, or waylaid him. He was a stern man and a just, ready to do a good action sooner than a kind one. His sons were mortally afraid of him; his daughter loved him with the strong love that casteth out fear.

A strange, big, handsome girl, this John, with her father's firm features and curly black hair, very unlike her flabby mother, whom she pitied, often petted, and habitually almost despised. "Accomplishments!" said John. "I hate accomplishments. Mamma says a lady's education should be nothing but accomplishments. Then leave out the accomplishments, say I. Mamma's learned music; she can't play. She's learned drawing; she can't draw. Why, the other day, at Aunt Mary's, somebody asked her to play a polka for the children. 'Oh, I couldn't; I really couldn't,' she said. She was quite in a flurry. And once, when she drew a dog to amuse Tommy, he thought it was a cow!"

There was a long pause; John sat thinking. "I suppose she could dance," spoke the shapely mouth at last, "if she weren't so stout. But then, I know how to dance without learning. Any one could learn how to dance just by seeing it done. And the dancing master says I do it capitally, if only I could remember not to thump!"

John sighed, and dangled her long legs from the apple-tree branch she was perched upon.

"Accomplishments is idiotic, isn't it?" she said.

"Undoubtedly," I replied, for I had got her eldest brother, Gerard, to present me, and, in fact, I was stretched along the grass under the "Princesse Noble." That was the name of the apple.

"I mean unless, of course, they—that is to say, one of them—happens to be your vocation. Then, that one!"

"I understand; you think you are called to be a dancing mistress?"

"Of course not. I haven't the slightest idea of what might have been my vocation. But mamma says that I can't have one."

"Why not?"

"She says a vocation is unladylike. To be Miss Barends, she says, is my vocation! What I like is arithmetic; stiff sums with a lot of complications in them—compound interest. And bookkeeping! I love bookkeeping—especially finding out errors!"

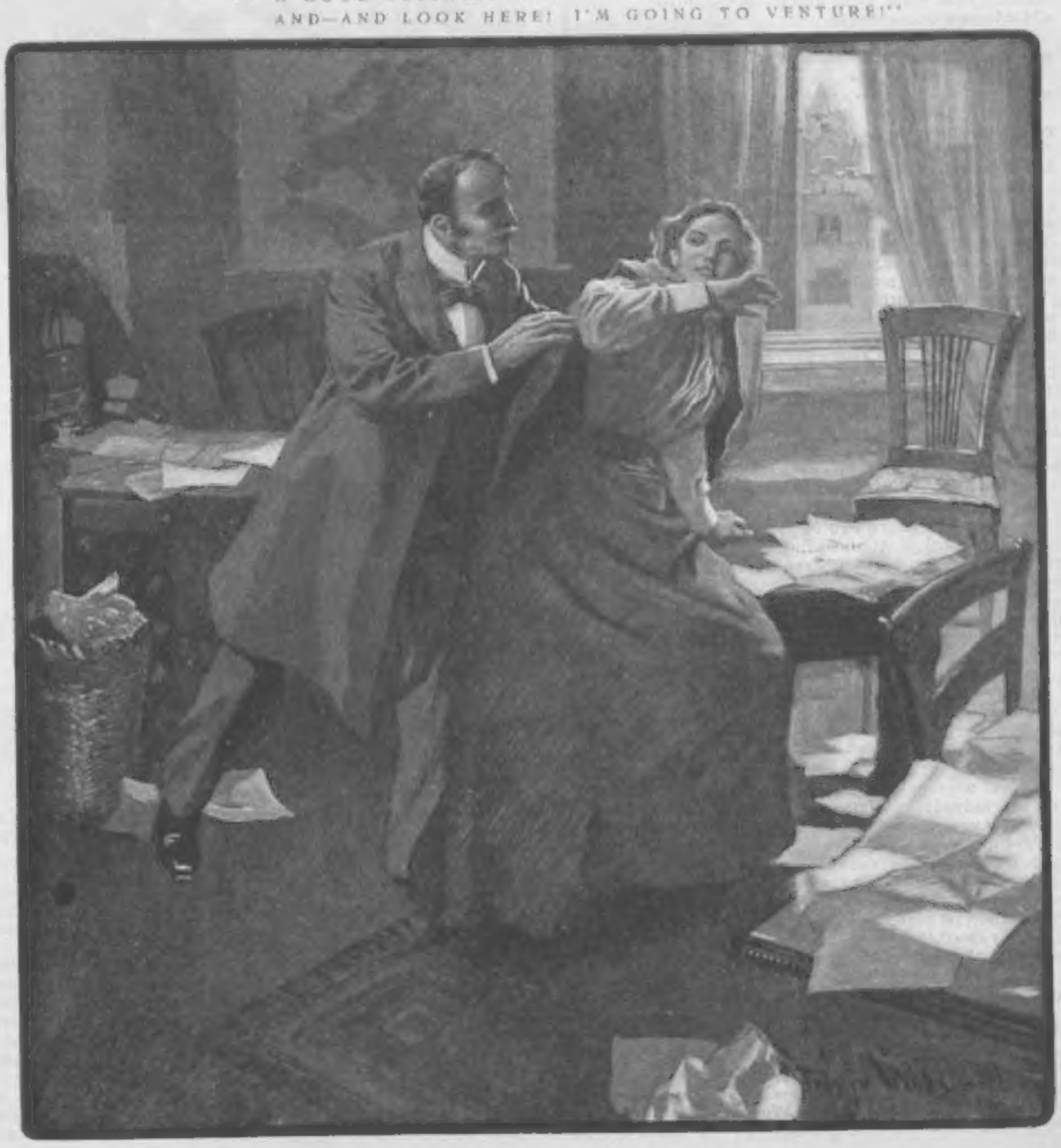
"What do you know, dear young lady, of bookkeeping? Do you mean keeping books that were lent to you?"

"I am not a young lady, and if I were I shouldn't be a dear—at all events, not yours. And you needn't make feeble jokes. I did all my brother Gerard's tasks for him at the School of Commerce; he would never have got on if I hadn't."

"And did Gerard do your needlework?"

"No, don't laugh at my brother; I won't stand it. Gerard offered to touch up my drawing for me—he draws very

—"A GOOD BUSINESS MAN NEVER WASTES. BUT HE VENTURES. AND—AND LOOK HERE! I'M GOING TO VENTURE!"



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prettily—but I wouldn't have it. I thought it would be mean."

"But wasn't it mean for you to do his work? I don't quite follow your argument."

"I'm not arguing; I hate arguments. The two things are quite different. A woman has to help men. They'd never get along if she didn't."

"True," I answered meekly. "They help us into the world, and they hurry us out."

"Huh!"

"Good-by, Miss John."

What happened that evening I heard from Alfred, the third brother, aged ten. At least, with youthful ingenuousness, he told me as much as he considered judicious.

It appears that Mademoiselle Doucillon, John's latest French governess, had frequently expressed with perfunctory eagerness her horror of "the men." Her feelings were therefore naturally fluttered when, entering her room in the twilight, she found a great fellow sprawling, snoring, across the bed. Without stopping to inquire how a dummy could snore, she filled the house with her screams. Everybody came running out into the corridor.

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After dinner John was called into the drawing-room. Her father and mother exchanged glances. They sat on both sides of the mantelpiece and looked exactly as a naughty girl's father and mother ought to look.

"John," began Mynheer Barends sternly, "this sort of thing cannot continue."

"What sort of thing, papa?" asked John sweetly. Then, afraid that the question partook somewhat of subterfuge, "Oh, you mean about the dummy. I have begged mademoiselle's pardon. Whoever thought a big woman would be afraid of a doll?"

"Whoever thought a big girl—of sixteen—would play such idiotic pranks?"

"Such disgraceful, unladylike pranks," put in Mevrouw Barends.

"Yes," said John submissively.

"In fact, your behavior has simply become unendurable," continued the lady with some anger, "and as the only solution we shall send you to school!"

"To school?" echoed John. "Oh! papa, do you think that would be good for me?"

"It would be good for the boys," said Mevrouw Barends grimly.

"It would be good for the boys," echoed Mynheer. "You make the grossest abuse of your immunity as a girl. If one of the boys were to permit himself a tenth of the mischief you perpetrate I should flog him within an inch of his life."

"True; I had forgotten the boys," admitted John, more meekly still.

"Poor little Alfred and Tommy must be spared your evil example," said the mother.

"They are dear boys," replied John. "Papa, don't decide just yet about my going to school. Somehow I don't think it would be good for me. Let me speak to the boys and tell them not to follow my evil example."

"Anne, you are impertinent!" exclaimed her mother.

John stared in open-mouthed amazement. Then she said: "But, mamma, after all, they don't follow my example. You say so yourself!"

"Leave the room!" replied her mother. Mynheer Barends pompously sighed acquiescence. John crept away and found the three elder boys waiting outside.

"Come to the schoolroom, all of you," she said.

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They gathered in solemn conclave. John mounted on the back of a chair.

"Boys," she said, "I am going to boarding-school." A shout of protest arose.

"Hush, you will wake Tommy! He is so small, he doesn't count. Yes, I am to be sent to a boarding-school—for playing tricks." A deathly silence followed.

"Not, mind you, for being unladylike," continued John, nodding her black head, "nor for being untidy and tearing my clothes and upsetting things and making blots. To all these I plead guilty. But for playing tricks. Well, I like tricks. They're great fun sometimes. Ah, me!"—she heaved a deep sigh, and looked up wistfully to the schoolroom ceiling—"how I used to enjoy them once!"

None of the three boys spoke; they were busily inspecting their boots.

"At boarding-school," mused John, "I shall have to be proper all day. You can't jump down the stairs, two steps at a time, at boarding-school. At boarding-school they teach all the girls to behave like Cousin Sue."

A smile crossed three grave faces at the thought of John's behaving like that very affected little lady, Cousin Sylvia, whom "those aggravating children" had nicknamed Sue.

"I propose," began Gerard solemnly, "that we all go to father and promise to be sureties for John's good behavior." He looked meaningly at his two young brothers. "We will promise that she won't play any more tricks."

"I feel nervous," said Alfred.

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed John. "I'll go with you!"

"No; you stop here," commanded Gerard, who was eighteen, and wore an incipient mustache. The three boys marched off to the drawing-room and interviewed their parents. They were very affectionate and affecting. Alfred remembers that when he accepted the responsibility for John's reformation he placed his right hand on his heart.

"Very well," said their father, "but the first time anything of the kind occurs again, she goes!"

The boys trooped out. John, disdaining eavesdropping, had posted herself at the farther end of the hall.

She demonstratively kissed her three brothers in spite of their opposition, rumpling their hair, as was her wont. "If I could hate you for anything," said Gerard, "it would be, John, for rumpling my hair."

"I haven't damaged the back parting," replied John; "it's lovely, the back parting. Like a path that ends in a bush."

Then for several weeks all went well. At least the mischief John got into was all of her own concocting. She tried, untaught, her brother's bicycle, and damaging the machine considerably, damaged herself still more. Her sprained wrist rendering her especially awkward, she broke a glass on her mother's toilet table. And being taken by Gerard, for comfort, for a sail in his sailing boat, she fell into the water. Mademoiselle Doucillon, who was the only "authority" apprised of this mishap, foolishly promised to keep the secret—after much eager pleading on the part of all the boys—and then still more foolishly betrayed it. Two days later a most interesting portrait in mademoiselle's bedroom, a young Frenchman in military uniform, mysteriously disappeared. John indignantly protested against the charge of having committed an action her womanly instincts characterized as "mean beyond words."

Nevertheless, her parents decided to take a step for which reasons abounded, and the young lady departed to a superior establishment, whose horrified proprietress hardly recognized her as such.

John wrote cheerful letters from school, and her mistress sent reports which at first described her as lamentably deficient in all the acquirements a young girl of her position ought to have possessed. Then, gradually, the school took unto itself the credit of incipient "improvement." When she came back for the holidays the anxious boys, in response to her anxious questions, said they did not see it. She breathed a great sigh of relief and tumbled down her back hair, which had been made to grow into a "bob." But her father, who, she thought, was looking red and congested, and her mother, who was grown fatter than ever, nodded approval to each other. "She is growing up handsome," said Mevrouw Barends.

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"She was always handsome," replied the merchant. "I hope she will marry well." The friend who was dining with them laughed at this idea. He was Barends' great rival in the India trade of the city—his one rival, his one friend.

"I beg your pardon," said Nicholas Brook, "but it seems so absurd a conception! One can hardly realize, as yet, a Mrs. John!"

"She is nearly eighteen," replied the merchant, nettled. "That, of course, seems an infantine age to a bachelor past forty."

"Hovering—hovering on the edge!" cried Nicholas Brook.

"To cavil at your age is to confess yourself old," replied Barends. "Do you know, it is very extraordinary, Brook, the one thing that girl appears to be clever at is sums! She doesn't care tuppence for literature, poetry, and so on, her schoolmistress says. But she's good at all practical work, and at arithmetic."

"Accomplishments is idiotic, isn't it?"

"Not at sewing," put in Mrs. Barends.

"Of course, I know. I know all about your children as much as yourself," replied Brook. "Haven't I seen them grow up? You will have to put John in business," he laughed.

"Gerard won't be much good there," replied the merchant, and sighed.

A few months later John was suddenly called away from school by the tidings of her father's death in a fit.

She rushed back—some people's thoughts rush on such occasions, some people's lag—she rushed back and fell, heart foremost, into a scene of more than ordinary confusion. Death has a horrible habit of pulling away, in our card structures, the very card on which the whole edifice hangs. He is an artist in his way; there exists no more picturesque arranger of ruins.

Mevrouw Barends, utterly bewildered and shaken, sat in the darkened drawing-room weeping noisy tears. A sense of her widow's importance was upon her; and in this, as in a woolen garment, she wrapped her shivering desolation. She was one of those women whose social assumption and household aplomb are borne up on a flow of continuous prosperity, one of those magnificent dahlias whose husband is the pot. "Oh, Annie," she said weeping; "oh, dear Annie, the burgomaster's wife has already called!"

On the dining-room sofa lay Gerard, white and interesting. In the schoolroom the two boys were quarreling over postage stamps. When John entered they both simultaneously gave way, and Alfred went to build up bricks for little Tommy.

"Who is doing things?" John asked Gerard when she had cried her cry and got calm. She sat on the table in the dining-room opposite Gerard's sofa.

"Oh, nobody! We're expecting Uncle George."

"Uncle George is no good," replied John emphatically.

"Well, he's all we've got. Never was a family had so few connections. Mamma with no brothers at all, and papa with only Uncle George."

"Uncle George can't lace his own boots!" exclaimed John impatiently. "You know papa always used to say so. Uncle George can just live in his sleepy village and read his Latin books. He'll sit with mamma and sigh. Somebody must act, now papa's dead!"

"Oh, John! how can you be so coarse?" said Gerard, and the tears came into his pale blue eyes.

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She left him in disgust, and went to find the family butler. Fortunately, that domestic had been with them many years, and had become, so far as Mevrouw Barends' fretful masterfulness would allow, a bit of a factotum. "Do you know what has to be done?" she asked with a gulp. "Then tell me." And together they got everything ready for the widow's approval. That lady suggested a number of impractical alterations, said John was unfeeling, and finally acquiesced in all the arrangements she afterward declared to have been unsuitable in themselves or erroneously carried out. Uncle George came and sat by his sister-in-law in the dreary drawing-room. He sighed so seldom that John could not help feeling a little aggrieved.

And the first few solemn days passed by, amid a downpour of perfunctory sympathy, a good deal of public notice, and much semi-official mourning. When the grand funeral was over, the Barendses began to realize that it is easy for an active man to know everybody, to be generally esteemed and universally regretted—and that that is all.

It was no surprise to John to find Gerard shedding tears one morning, all by himself, in his father's room.

He started up. "What do you mean by——?" he began. "What——" He sank back in his chair. "Look at these!" he said, with a sweep of his hand across a whole floor of papers spread out before him. "I can't make head or tail of these!"

"What are they?"

"Business letters and things sent up from the office."

"Of course," she said, "the office. I quite understand."

"Do you? I wish you did."

"Why don't you ask somebody to help you, Gerard?"

"There's only one man could help me, and he's our chief rival. Papa told me never to speak to him about the business."

"You mean Nicholas Brook? I wonder papa should say that. I like Mr. Brook. In these days he has been as kind as an outsider could be."

"Oh, you talk, because you know nothing of business! Only a girl or a fool would ask advice of a rival."

Without answering she drew some of the papers toward her and began studying them. He would have pulled them away. "Oh, nonsense!" he said. "You can't understand. We shall have to sell the business or something!"

"Sell the business!" she cried, facing around.

"Yes, of course. I've been telling mother. It'll be an awful loss, but it can't be helped!"

"And what'll you do?"

"Nothing, I suppose. I must see. There'll be enough, I should think, for all of us to live on." She swept all the documents into her arms and went off to her bedroom.

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Half an hour later she looked in upon her brother. He was lying on the sofa with a book. "I don't understand them all," she said. "I understand a good deal. I'm going down to the office to talk with Mynheer Perk." He started up with angry opposition, but already she had closed the door and was gone.

She went straight to the office, and asked for Mynheer Perk. She found the bookkeeper in her father's private room, and quite unconsciously seated herself in her father's place to discuss the morning's post and the general state of affairs.

"Mynheer Perk," she said, "it surely would be absurd to stop the business?"

For a moment there arose before the dependent's eyes a brilliant vista of a unique opportunity. He waited one second and then said resolutely: "Most certainly it would be disastrous." Then he added: "And yet Mynheer Gerard——"

"Mynheer Gerard——?"

"You see, Juffrouw, there is only Mynheer Gerard."

She got up, went to the dull window and looked out on the dull court.

"You and we must keep on the business together," she said. "I could do the bookkeeping, at least some of it; I can learn more. And Gerard must get into it also. He will, if we don't press him. Just now he is too nervous. I will talk it over with Mynheer Gerard, Mynheer Perk."

She held out her hand, and the funny little middle-aged fogy bent over it with a bow which he felt was a success.

Much talking, however, had to ensue between the parties concerned, and many objections had to be fought down before the widow, her children and the old bookkeeper could agree as to how things should work. It was figures did it in the end, as on most similar occasions—hard plus and minus, for and against. John, with Perk's aid, figured out in black and white what the sale of the business would mean to the family. They were not so rich as they had always believed themselves to be. The three younger children were still at school.

Brought face to face with the facts, Mevrouw Barends consented, and John very quietly, undramatically, settled down as best she could to the unwelcome routine of the office. For, when the first excitement was over and the veiled curiosity of the clerks had subsided, the life, to a restless creature like John, was most wearily monotonous. Gerard

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Editor's Note—John is the first of a series of three stories by Maarten Maartens which will appear in The Saturday Evening Post under the general title, Some Women I Have Known. No. 2, My Cousin Sonia, will follow in an early issue.

came, out of regard for his sister, but was really no good. John emphatically was. "She has the regular business instinct," said little Mynheer Perk. "I could not have managed without her. Honestly, I confess, I have not the business instinct. I am too nervous. I have not sufficient initiative. I am an excellent bookkeeper. Now, she thinks that is her forte; she is mistaken. She is accurate enough, but, Mynheer Brook, she makes blots!" He threw up his hands in horror.

Nicholas Brook had listened silently with a smile. He had offered assistance some weeks ago to Gerard, but had been excitedly, and therefore almost rudely, repulsed. He still called from time to time, but more rarely, for Mevrouw Barends had been taught by Gerard to look upon "the rival" with suspicion. The lad, in his nervousness and incompetence, buried his head in the sand. John, meanwhile, plodded on. Once Brook had ventured to chaff her.

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"Don't," she said; "I like you, but don't." And he immediately desisted.

Mevrouw Barends sighed. "Annie has thrown away," she said, "what chances of marriage she may possibly have had! Nobody would marry a queer girl like that."

Meanwhile the business remained fairly prosperous; yet John's end and ambition seemed defeated, for Gerard, instead of growing into his responsibilities, slunk away from them more and more.

And a period of crisis came for the India trade, especially for that branch represented by Barends & Sons. Jan Barends had been largely mixed up with a new system of sugar production in Java; a couple of factories with entirely novel machinery (the "Ruffschmidt" process, now so famous) had been started under his auspices and worked with his capital. They were barely in working order when the so-called sugar panic arose. To keep the thing going, to make it, almost certainly, a success, more money was wanted—ninety thousand florins—at once.

It was almost impossible at that moment to get that sum. With one sugar plantation ruined after another, with prices daily melting down before German beet root, the Indian banks refused advances at any price. John could understand this as well as Mynheer Perk, and, as one denial after another was telegraphed to the office, she sat pale before her books.

"Didn't I tell you so?" cried Gerard, nervously sniggering. "It was madness for me to go on with the business! And now we are ruined!"

"Not ruined yet," said John.

"Very nearly," said little Mynheer Perk.

"You have telegraphed to the Batavian and Borneo Banking Company," said John. "They haven't answered yet. Meanwhile, Gerard, please let me write my letters." She turned away to the papers before her and began to scribble away. An hour later the telegram was brought to the office. They all three gathered together to read it. The Batavian company accepted, on mortgage and a high rate of interest, arduous terms.

"Well, that's all right, then," said Gerard.

"For the moment," muttered Mynheer Perk.

"We must do all we can," said John. "The terms are bad, but they might have been worse."

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Mynheer Perk went off to the exchange for his daily visit; meanwhile the young people worked on. They were not prepared for the state of excitement in which the frigid little man returned. "Do you know," he said, as he closed the glass door, "who has done this thing? No? You would never guess!"

"Nicholas Brook," answered John.

"How? You knew!" cried the little man, disappointed, amazed.

"No, I guessed," replied John.

"Then our ruin," groaned Gerard, "is only a question of time. At the earliest opportunity he will sell up—foreclose!"

"So I suppose," acquiesced Mynheer Perk; "it is a very clever stroke of business. It renders him absolute master of the sugar market here."

John got down from her stool. "I don't believe it," she said; "I don't understand. I am going to ask him."

Gerard stretched out his arm. "Don't be a fool!" he said. "You're always meddling and bothering."

John stopped with her hat already on. "I believe he has done it out of sheer kindness, or something," she said. "You don't want to be beholden to him, do you?"

"N-n-no," replied Gerard.

"Sheer kindness, my dear young lady?" cried Perk; "just look at the terms!"

"Well, if he means mischief——"

"He must mean mischief," said Perk.

"I can give him a bit of my mind," concluded John, and she fled.

She drove boldly to Nicholas Brook's office. What work she had done in the firm she had always rigorously done behind the scenes. "I typewrite for Gerard," that was her explanation of her presence in the sanctum.

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Nicholas Brook received her at once in his private room.

"What can I do for you, John?" he said cheerfully.

"Nothing," she answered stiffly. "That was what I came to say."

"It isn't much to come for. But perhaps you are hardly so busy at your place as we are here?"

"Don't sneer; that's one thing I can't stand," replied John, her lip trembling. "Rightly or wrongly, we are informed that a considerable advance for which we applied to a bank in India has been accorded us, through them, by—you! I want to know if that's true?"

"And supposing I refuse to answer your question?"

"That will be sufficient answer. You refuse?"

"No."

"You needn't, for your face has answered. Now, I want to know why."

"You are too clever a reader of faces, John. Positively dangerous."

"Do not laugh at me. God knows I am not in a laughing mood. We are very nearly ruined. Do you want to ruin us entirely? I don't believe it."

"Does Gerard?"

"What I want to know is, why have you done this action which looks cruel? The terms are terribly hard."

"Ah! you don't believe I could be really cruel? Thanks."

"I don't know. I don't understand," said poor John, almost crying. "I could see the enormous advantage of crushing our business. Perhaps, if I were in your position I might do it myself."

"But you can't quite realize me in that rôle, all the same. Thanks, again."

"After all, I don't think it very much matters. Gerard will never be good at the business; certainly not unless he has far better help than mine. But it's awful to think we had better have stopped when father died." And John began to cry in earnest. She stopped almost at once. "Don't think I have come here to move you by playing the cry-baby," she said fiercely. "I don't want to move you. But you're papa's old friend, and I want to understand."

"You are perfectly correct in your assumptions," replied Brook. "I want to absorb the business." He spoke slowly, looking away from her. She waited, staring.

"It is absurd that these two should still run side by side—still more that they should fight each other. I intend, if you will allow me, to become a partner in your business, if you will become a partner in mine."

She bent forward, listening.

"I am growing old—I am one and forty. You are nearly twenty, I believe. Of course, I have some experience and you have energy. And you have a whole family to look after, so in one sense I am younger than you. John, darling, have I got you here at last?—you brave, dear, queer girl—Gerard and you made it impossible for me to help you decently. You must either take me into partnership or go smash!"

"I'd rather go smash, under the circumstances!" replied John, drawing back.

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"No you wouldn't; you're too good a man of business! It would be sheer waste of—of everything, and a good business man never wastes. But he ventures, and—and look here! I'm going to venture!" He caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"And win!" he said.

"I—I should like to have been made love to properly," said John.

He held her at arm's length. "John!" he cried in protest, "'tis the last thing you'd have liked!"

"Mamma has always declared I should never marry," replied John.

"For once, then, you must venture to contradict her!" said Nicholas Brook.

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Our National Real Estate Deals

No. 1

Buying Alaska

By

Lyman J. Gage

Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury

"YOU have just listened to the reading of the treaty by which Russia cedes to the United States all her possessions on the North American continent, and the adjacent islands, in consideration of $7,200,000, to be paid by the United States. On the one side is the cession of a vast country, with its jurisdiction and all its resources; on the other side is the purchase money. Such is the transaction on its face."

These were the words of Charles Sumner, uttered a generation ago in the United States Senate, prefacing an eloquent oration valuable to this very day for the abundant information concerning what some have been pleased to call our Domain of the Frozen Sea.

In the late fifties the United States and Russia were discussing the transfer of the latter's North American possessions to the former, but whatever these negotiations may have been or promised they were cut off by the Civil War. When, in the spring of 1867, they were resumed, the matter was brought to a termination with remarkable rapidity. Mr. de Stoeckl, the Russian Minister, came to America early in March, 1867, under instructions from the Archduke Constantine, brother of the Emperor, to negotiate for a cession of the Russian possessions. On the twenty-ninth of March the Russian Government, employing the then recently laid Atlantic cable, sent its final instructions, and on the next day, March 30, 1867, the treaty was signed.

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By its terms the Emperor of all the Russias ceded to the United States all the territory and dominion possessed by His Majesty on the Continent of America and in the adjacent islands. In consideration of the cession the United States agreed to pay at the Treasury in Washington within the ten months after the exchange of ratifications, to the representative of His Majesty authorized to receive it, the sum of $7,200,000 in gold.

The ratifications were exchanged June 20, 1867, but the payment was not made until more than thirteen months afterward. This delay was due to the fact that before the terms of the treaty could be carried into effect Congress must appropriate from the Treasury the sum required to make the payment. This Congress did not do until July 27, 1868. The following day, William H. Seward, Secretary of State, drew his requisition on the Secretary of the Treasury as follows:

> "Please cause a warrant for seven million two hundred thousand dollars, payable in coin, to be issued in favor of Mr. Edward de Stoeckl, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty, the Emperor of Russia, pursuant to the convention between the United States and His Majesty of the thirtieth of March, 1867, and the Act of Congress approved July 27, 1868, the said Edward de Stoeckl to be charged accordingly on the books of the Treasury."

This requisition was presented to the office of the Comptroller of the Treasury July 29, 1868. The then Comptroller, Mr. R. W. Taylor, decided that the money could not be paid upon such a requisition, and could only be drawn from the Treasury by means of a settlement. This decision changed the course of the transaction. A statement was now required of the account of the Emperor of Russia and its adjudication by an Auditor of the Treasury. The original account thus stated, which I have before me, reads:

> "The United States
> To the Emperor of Russia Dr.
> For amount appropriated to carry into effect the Treaty with Russia of March 30, 1867 (in coin).....$7,200,000"

The transaction must have been carried through under special order, for the account is stamped as received in the Comptroller's office on the same day as stated, July 29, 1868.

Immediately, then, the First Auditor of the Treasury certified that he had examined and adjusted an account between the United States and the Emperor of Russia, and found "that the sum of seven millions and two hundred thousand dollars is due from the United States to said Emperor," etc., reciting provisions of the treaty and of the act appropriating the money. The same day the Comptroller admitted and certified the balance of $7,200,000 thus found, payable in coin. The account was then duly registered by the Register of the Treasury, a function not now required in making Government payments. These were the ordinary transactions of the Department required at that time, and practically at this, as a preliminary to the withdrawal of money from the Treasury.

The warrant based upon the account so stated and certified was drawn July 29, 1868, addressed to the Treasurer of the United States, signed by H. McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, countersigned and recorded by the Comptroller and Register of the Treasury, respectively. Everywhere throughout the official documents the words "payable in coin," written in red ink, are to be seen, for this was in accordance with the terms of the treaty. The greenback at that time was worth only sixty-eight cents in gold.

Acting upon the authority so drawn, F. E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, whose well-remembered and peculiar signature appears on the draft, drew Treasury warrant dated August 1, 1868, directing the Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York to pay Edward de Stoeckl, etc., or order, seven millions two hundred thousand dollars, but the warrant so drawn must have been regarded as in contravention of the provisions of the treaty, stipulating that Washington should be the place of payment, for across the end is written, "Pay the within at the Office of the Treasurer of the United States at Washington," properly signed for the correction.

The Russian Minister indorsed the draft to the order of George W. Riggs, and by him it was cashed on the day it was drawn, August 1, 1868.

If the reports of papers of that period may be relied upon, the payment was accomplished by the shipment of only about $2,000,000 in metallic money, the remainder having been covered by the remittance of bills or in some other manner not requiring the shipment of coin.

The transaction so far as the Treasury was concerned involved no greater agencies than are employed in the settlement of the smallest account, and yet its extraordinary character is evidenced by some proceedings which are out of the usual course. Ordinarily the payee's indorsed signature on the draft is taken as sufficient evidence of payment. In this important transaction, however, the Russian Minister gave a receipt in writing, reciting fully the payment in coin and with proper references to the provisions of the treaty. Then, too, the Treasury warrant bears the legend:

> "Delivered to Mr. de Stoeckl in my presence, August 1.
> "R. W. TAYLOR."

The Russian Government did not wait for the receipt of its money before transferring the ceded territory to the jurisdiction of the United States. In October of the previous year Captain Alexei Pestchourof, the Russian Commissioner, and General L. H. Rousseau, Commissioner of the United States, landed at Sitka, and, writes an eyewitness, the Russian flag was hauled down, the Stars and Stripes were run up, "and we stood upon the soil of the United States."

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The development of the territory has not progressed rapidly, and yet the various industries which have grown up within its borders or in its waters have produced wealth far in excess of the sum paid to Russia. The Government has itself received more than $7,400,000 in rental for the Pribiloff Islands alone, although, to be fair, it must be stated that they have been somewhat of an expense. The patrol of the Bering Sea, which is maintained by the revenue cutters, is not conducted without considerable cost. Since 1870, however, more than 2,000,000 fur seals have been taken from these islands, and authorities guess that such product has been worth thirty or forty millions of dollars.

Beginning with an output of gold amounting to $6000 in 1880, the production of the yellow metal has increased to more than $2,000,000 annually. Since the year given, from Alaska alone, not including the Klondike product, there has come more than $14,000,000.

The salmon industry has grown to an enormous extent, and this product is worth from three to four million dollars a year. The furs have long been a source of profit to those who hunt them or trade for them with the natives. The timber lands are practically undeveloped, and so, too, are its resources of coal and minerals. Those who have studied Alaska most carefully believe that the Yukon Valley will be developed into a great gold-producing district, and there are some who say there are cod fisheries in the waters of Alaska which rival those of the banks of Newfoundland.

Aside from the political advantages, which were only intimated at the time of purchase, it would seem that the acquisition from a material standpoint was not a bad bargain.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles on Our National Real Estate Deals which Secretary Gage has written for the Post.

The Personal Side of PHILLIPS BROOKS

A Talk with his friend Bishop W. N. McVICKAR

I CANNOT remember exactly when or where I made the acquaintance of Phillips Brooks, but it was more than thirty years ago, in Philadelphia, when I was at the Divinity School in that city. Mr. Brooks was then rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, and his fame had already spread beyond the parish and city. In Philadelphia everyone was speaking of him, especially the younger prophets, with whom his powers and successes were a constant theme for analysis and discussion, and he himself a rather disastrous model for emulation.

Some of the students, myself among the number, regularly attended his church and taught in his Sunday-school, and it was about that time that I first came to know him. I remember calling on him, with some hesitation and deep awe, in his modest but most comfortable quarters in a boarding-house on Walnut Street near Twelfth, where at one time he had as a fellow-boarder, in the rooms immediately below him, the great Mrs. Fannie Kemble.

He talked very little about his early years, as they were in no way remarkable. As to his family, he came of excellent stock on both sides. His father was a successful merchant of Boston, greatly interested in local history, and descended from Doctor Cotton, the preacher of the First Church in Boston.

On his mother's side he was in the Phillips line, a family conspicuous in the religious records of New England. Among his forbears was Samuel Phillips, who founded the famous Phillips Academy at Andover. Mrs. Brooks was a Puritan of the Puritans, and her whole bearing, manner and character showed her fine, strong, Puritan nature. She was a woman of fine intellect and of absorbing piety, a firm believer in prayer, and a devoted religious worker. She had been a Unitarian, but had come into the Episcopal Church, in which Phillips Brooks and his six brothers—four became ministers—were brought up.

He was born December 13, 1835, in High Street, Boston. He had a fine boyhood, and attended the Adams School, after which he entered the Boston Latin School, where he was a quiet and excellent scholar. He entered Harvard in 1851. He was not prominent in college, but always studious. He was versed in the classical English writers, and took the prize in English Composition, one of the most sought after in the college.

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After graduation he became a tutor in the Boston Latin School, which was not a success. Dr. H. E. Scudder made a delightful contrast of this and his later success on Mr. Brooks' return to the school years afterward. It was on the 250th anniversary of its foundation, April 23, 1885, and Phillips Brooks was the orator of the occasion. In the thirty years since he had left, deeply mortified, he had achieved his brilliant successes, and yet, in referring to Doctor Gardner, the master of the school, under whom he had served, he used this sentence: "I heard him once say that he had never known a man who had failed as a schoolmaster to succeed in any other occupation."

IN BISHOP BROOKS' STUDY

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If it had not been for his lack of success in the Latin School Phillips Brooks might never have entered the ministry. From Cambridge he went to the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia, then in its flower, where he had as fellow-students such men as Bishop Potter and Bishop Randolph. He remained there until he graduated, in 1859. There used to be a story to the effect that he was so tall that he found the ceiling of his room uncomfortably low, and young Henry Potter invited him to share his quarters.

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The students there scarcely knew what to make of him, he was so reticent in regard to his feelings, but he was faithful, and he measured up to his duties. Two or three miles from the seminary was a little hamlet of poor whites and negroes, and young Brooks was asked to go out to the mission for Sunday work. This he did, and to this humble audience he preached his first sermons. He was successful, and soon the little building was crowded every time he preached.

In June, 1859, he was admitted to the diaconate by Bishop Meade, but before that, and, in fact, before he left the seminary, he had been called to the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia—a little church in a remote part of the city. His first sermon was from the text, "Master, which is the great commandment in the law?" Here his success was even more telling. The rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in the same city was then Doctor Vinton, who had been Mr. Brooks' early pastor. The Church of the Holy Trinity was in the wealthy and growing part of the city, and through the invitation of Doctor Vinton young Brooks preached there several times. The result was twofold. It crowded the Church of the Holy Trinity when Mr. Brooks preached there, and then it filled to overflowing the little Church of the Advent when he preached in his own pulpit.

When Doctor Vinton was called away to New York Mr. Brooks was asked to become rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity. His service began on the first of the year 1862, and continued until October, 1869. His remarkable successes, his great sermons in behalf of human freedom, and his notable oration on Abraham Lincoln are familiar history. It took Boston some time to get him away from Philadelphia, but it finally succeeded, and it never regretted its persistency. The manner in which he built up Trinity Church in that city, erecting an edifice costing probably one million dollars, and, with all the pressure of wealth, kept a large part of it free to the public, was truly splendid.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS

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As I said, I cannot remember the exact time when the friendship of Phillips Brooks, which was to mean so much in after years, came into my life. There was nothing startling or memorable to mark its coming. It came rather as a sweet springtime dawns upon the awakening field, to stay and to grow more and more to me as the days went by. Its presence came to be so natural that I hardly knew its full value until, summer past, the autumn days with the early frost had robbed me of it, and life never can be the same again until the eternal spring recalls it.

Phillips Brooks' appearance was most magnificent. He was a man of splendid proportions, and always the observed of all observers. I remember Saint Gaudens, the sculptor, said of him that, speaking from the physical point of view, he was a perfect man.

In 1890 we visited in Japan together, and had a most entertaining experience. On the day of our arrival the American Consul took us for a drive to a little tea-house on Mississippi Bay. There we tried to sit down as the Japanese did, but, finding it utterly impossible, we sat as a tailor would sit, with the feet in front. This happened to be the same position as that in which their Buddha sat, the largest thing they have in human form—a statue which is fifty feet high. When the people saw us they held up their hands and cried out, "*Dai Tritzu!*" ("Great Buddha!") and that name followed us during the rest of our stay in that interesting country.

Phillips Brooks never married, but in making a great deal of his brother's family he found some recompense for the lack of companionship in his own home. It is sometimes said that "no one but a woman can really make a home," but certainly no one ever visited Phillips Brooks in the earlier, and I may say the simpler, days of life in his boarding-house rooms, or later in his charming rectory in Boston, without realizing that no home could have been more homelike or delightful than his.

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His rectory was once mistaken, I believe, for a museum by "a stranger in these parts," but he could have gotten no further than the hall without seeing that it was a place to live in, a home of culture and refinement and exquisite taste, as well as a place of inspired and inspiring work. There never was a more delightful host. Out of the busiest of lives, whose days ought to have been weeks for what was put into them, there seemed always time for happy chat and the entertainment of a friend, who would little suspect that the lavish gift of time could only be made up by severe encroachment on the hours of much needed sleep. Mr. Brooks gathered around him a large circle of friends, but not many intimates.

The spirit of the man came forth when he was among children. Whenever he went into a house where they were to be found he was at home with them. Indeed, he was a great deal of a boy himself. I remember particularly that he used to carry lots of things around in his pockets. He had a little black bogwood pig that he picked up in Ireland, and a carved button that he found in Japan, and whenever he came upon children these came into requisition.

An amusing incident occurred in a house in Beverly, where he was staying. The people lived in English style, and in the morning the butler came to brush his clothes before he got up. He proceeded to empty the pockets, and Doctor Brooks, gazing from the bed, wondered what the functionary must have thought as he took out, one by one, his treasures.

Among those he knew well he indulged his keen sense of humor and his ability as a writer of verse, penning many squibs of fun and doggerel, as well as noble poems.

The letters he sent home from Europe to his brother's children were full of delightful humor, and many of them were written in rhyme.

Phillips Brooks might have adopted any life he chose. He might have entered the lecture business and made a fortune had he cared for it, but money he valued very lightly indeed.

What he really loved was preaching. This was a passion with him. He loved to preach. He had a message to deliver, and in delivering it he concentrated all the noble energies of his mind and soul. He mastered his subject thoroughly, and made copious notes beforehand, but these he did not take to the pulpit, unless he was preaching a completely written sermon. I did not know this until his brother recently showed me the notes. The great thing about him was that he was always young, always fresh in the best sense of the word, always full of inspiration.

In Philadelphia he did magnificent work, especially in regard to the issues of the war times. He was a cousin of Wendell Phillips, and was thoroughly anti-slavery, and his whole bent was for freedom. I do not think that he got full credit for his administrative abilities. People thought it was inspiration, but it was admirable power of work and organization.

I recall in one of his sermons his definition, or rather his description, of faith. It was being "open toward God" as well as toward man, being ready for God's revelations. That, I think, was a special quality of his. He was a man of faith in the fullest measure. He was an optimist, and he could not be otherwise, for he had such positive belief in God, and therefore in all that concerned God, that he must believe in the triumph of truth and righteousness.

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He had the fullest sense of life, and he was one of the broadest men in his appreciations and sympathies. For instance, I remember him talking about Christian Science and saying there was something fine about it, for it holds up life as normal and repudiates sickness, disease and death. His power in drawing people to hear him was wonderful. For instance, at the well-remembered noonday sermons, in Trinity Church, New York, and the Lenten services in St. Paul's, Boston, business men, bankers and brokers, employees and clerks left their offices day by day to listen to his wondrous lectures.

I shall never forget the last sermon I heard him preach. It was in my church in Philadelphia, at the time the general convention met in Baltimore. He had no notes, and he took the text, "Before Abraham was, I am." The sermon was on the fullness of life, and he said that, although these words were particularly Christ's words and applied particularly to Christ's life, they applied to all. An individual life was not merely a span, but an eternity. He spoke with immense rapidity, telling what he had to say as if he had so much that he could scarcely get it all in. He simply delighted in reveling in the ideal, the fullness of life. It was the only time I ever heard his voice falter. He had stayed with Tennyson that summer, and when he began a quotation from one of Tennyson's poems his voice fell for the moment, and his emotions threatened to overcome him, but he soon recovered himself.

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As a pastor he had immeasurable sympathy. He had had little real sorrow and trouble, but he had that marvelous power of intuition which enters deeply into the feelings of other people. This led him into a vast amount of extra labor, which would have broken down two or three ordinary men. But he seemed never to get tired. He knew no such thing as Monday, at least in his early ministry. If ever a man sacrificed himself to others, it was he. Anybody could get at him, no matter what he was doing; any time a knock would come he was ready. So great was his power of concentrating his mind on a subject that these constant interruptions seldom, if ever, broke the continuity of his thoughts.

His friends could give many instances of his infinite kindness and pains. I remember a young school-teacher in Boston who had no claim on him except the claim of humanity. She was undergoing a severe treatment in one of the hospitals, and he would go day after day and sit at her bedside and cheer her, and when her brother married beneath him in a way the family strongly opposed, and she was very anxious that he should not sink, Phillips Brooks hunted him up and took tea with him and his wife.

BISHOP BROOKS AND BISHOP McVICKAR

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I never knew a man who took such pains to answer letters. He was abroad one summer, and all his letters were sent to him. Among them was a message from a woman in the

country, who said she was going to Boston and wanted him to recommend a boarding-house. He wrote to his secretary —this was after he was Bishop—and said, "I do not know of such a place, but I wish you would look up one and let her know, and tell her that I was away and could not write myself."

In the last ten years of his life his honors were great and frequent. In 1877 he was made Doctor of Divinity by Harvard University. In 1883 he became a Harvard preacher, succeeding the venerable Doctor Peabody. In 1886 he was elected Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, and just about the same time a professorship in Harvard was offered to him, but both of these positions he declined. We all recall the stir his election as Bishop of Massachusetts made in 1891, and the popular enthusiasm with which it was received.

He preached great sermons in the notable churches of England, and wherever he appeared he excited the profound admiration of his auditors. He and Dean Stanley became close friends, and it was through Bishop Brooks that the Dean came to America, and it was through the Dean that Doctor Brooks preached before Queen Victoria. A charming recollection of his work as Bishop was the enthusiasm of his visitations and the manner in which he stimulated and brightened every parish he visited. When he came to town the people of all churches crowded to hear him, and whenever the Episcopal Church was too small to hold the congregation the denomination that had the largest building offered it for his use. While he deeply appreciated this unusual tribute to his greatness and popularity, however, he always declined the offer, insisting that whatever its size he belonged to the Episcopal Church.

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While he was Bishop we were both in Europe. We had been to church at Lucerne, and were sauntering home. Few people were about, and as we were going down the street he said something funny—I do not remember just what—but something fresh and bright. After we laughed I remarked, "Well, Phillips, it does seem strange that you should be a Bishop."

"Well, Willie, it does seem strange to me," he replied. "Sometimes when I put on my clothes I have to stop and laugh."

We made a number of trips abroad together, but it sometimes happened that our duties would not permit this. This was the case in the early part of 1887, when I went across, and then it was that he sent me this letter, one of the most charming of the many that I received from him:

"January 8, 1887.

"*My Dearest William:* It is sad enough to think that before another Saturday a big piece of ocean will lie between us, and that for months there is no chance of setting eyes on you. My heart will be on board the Elder with you next Wednesday. You will not see it, but it will be there. It will climb the pyramids with you (if you really do go up to the top). It will sit with you on the Mount of Olives and wander with you through the Bazaars of Damascus. Be kind to the old thing (I mean my heart), and give it now and then a greeting, and tell it sometimes what a good time you are having.

"What a good time you will have! I do not envy you, but I rejoice with you. Leave every last care and anxiety in New York Bay. Never let any anxiety about Holy Trinity come over your soul. We will take care of that. It will do all the flock more good to know that the dear shepherd is pasturing on Carmel and in Sharon than if he were feeding them with red clover out of his blessed familiar hands at home.

"Sometimes upon the ocean think of the happy days in which we stared together at the waste of waters. Let the service come up to you out of the dim past with all its ghosts on board, and say something cheerful to them to show them that they are not forgotten in your present joy.

"How we shall miss you! Good-by, dear fellow, and may the God who has been so good to us keep us both until we meet again. Good-by! Good-by!

"Ever and ever yours, P. B."

The ripening of his later days was lovely. At the convention in Baltimore we had a suite of rooms together, with many opportunities for quiet talk, and I realized again how sweet and full and mellow his great life was. He had not been well. He told me he never got upon the scales now, but he weighed less than the last time. I remember his saying to a lady who was afraid to cross the ocean for fear the ship might go down, "My friend, that is the way I should like to die." He dreaded the paraphernalia of sickness. He dreaded the sorrow of the time when he should lose his power over the people. All this he was spared.

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I remember after his death his brother said to me in the old house at North Andover: "It seems to me that Phillips might have saved himself. Other people save themselves; they do not give themselves away to everybody who comes along, and they use other people to help them."

I replied, "Yes, he might have done that; but I think the grandest thing about your brother was that he did not do it. There were none so poor or so insignificant but that they could get at him and share his kindness."

It is hard to fully realize the character of such a man. He had a great personal courage and was absolutely truthful. His was a noble humanity, lit up by an inspired divinity. He was "one like the Son of Man."

Some time ago at a private house I was asked if I would like to see a death mask which had been taken of Bishop Brooks. I was glad to do so, but I shall never forget the impression that came to me as I looked once more upon those familiar features. It seemed as if once again I were gazing into his coffin. There were the features in outline, true, but not to life. It was Phillips Brooks, but Phillips Brooks dead in dull, cold marble. Death did not become him, who had once been all vitality and animation and power.

I remember that a kindred feeling had come to me when, on that never-to-be-forgotten day, when we had laid all that was mortal of him in Mount Auburn Cemetery and had come back to sit a while in the familiar place where so many happy hours had been spent. Everything was just as he had left it, where everything had always seemed to be redolent of his taste and character, but, as with the death mask, the life, the spirit which had given meaning and joy to it all was gone out of it.

Doubtless new life might come into it with new interest for others, but nothing can reproduce the man to those who did not know him; and to those who did, without his presence, the mere incidents may seem only a sad reminder of their loss. But, no! That seems unworthy. The memories of such a life are a precious legacy and a living inspiration, and Phillips Brooks is not dead, for he lives to-day in our midst, as it may be said of few who still walk our streets or grasp our hand, and every reminder of him, great or small, is but an interpretation and emphasis of his presence and power.

The Making of a MERCHANT

Paper Number Two

In Business for Himself

By HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM

IN DISCUSSING the entry of a young man into the retail business there are certain things that are so fundamental that they must be taken for granted. Without them there can be no permanent or substantial success in any undertaking. Among these requirements are character, integrity and a fair "business head."

The first rule which a young merchant going into the retail trade should make for himself with heroic determination is that of doing a business consistent with his capital. Failure to observe this rule is the rock on which thousands of promising commercial undertakings have gone to pieces. Whether the capital put into the enterprise be large or small, its size should absolutely govern the volume of business.

What should we think of an architect who would start a building on a foundation forty feet square and then build without reference to its limitations until the structure completely overhung the underpinning on all sides? Yet this is precisely what thousands of young retail merchants throughout the country are attempting to do. They try to brace up their top-heavy structure with the timbers of fictitious credit. These may hold it in fair weather, but when the period of storm and stress comes—as come it surely will—this false support will come crashing down and the enterprise tumble with it.

My individual conviction is that the only way in which a retail business can be conducted on lines absolutely consistent with its capital is on the cash basis. For this reason I would not advise any young man to make a venture in retail trade on credit lines. It is too much like working in the dark. Almost inevitably the accounts grow beyond your control, and the business structure expands at the top while the foundations weaken.

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In certain communities conditions seem to be such that it is practically impossible for the young merchant to introduce the strictly cash method of doing business. In this event he has but one hope of success—that is, to watch his accounts with a zealous vigilance that never relaxes, and to act with promptness and decision in the matter of credits and collections. This may require a high order of business and moral courage, but he must be able to do it if he would avoid wreck.

In his dealings with his creditors, the wholesalers, let the young merchant keep firmly to the rule of incurring no obligation that he cannot with certainty meet in sixty days. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on his connections with the wholesale house or houses from which he obtains his goods. At the very beginning of his venture let him go to the credit man of the wholesale establishment and state his case without reservation.

So thorough and searching are the means employed by the big wholesale houses to obtain an accurate knowledge of the standing and affairs of their debtors that it is practically hopeless for the latter to attempt any concealment of unfavorable conditions. Again, the credit men of the wholesale houses are the keenest men in the business, and their judgment of human nature is quick and shrewd. Then it should be constantly held in mind that the honesty of a patron seeking credit is half the battle, and that their confidence is won by an ingenuous statement of affairs that does not spare the one who is asking for credit.

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The first interview of the young retail merchant with the credit man of the wholesale house is sometimes a trying ordeal in which many uncomfortable questions have to be answered. This may incline the beginner in the retail trade to avoid the credit man after the initial interview has been successfully passed. He could make no greater mistake than to allow this association with a disagreeable ordeal to alienate him from a close acquaintance with the credit man. To the contrary, he should improve every opportunity to strengthen and build up a confidential relationship with that important functionary of the wholesale house. Not once, but constantly, should he acquaint the credit man with the real condition of his affairs, and should ask and follow the advice of this counselor on all important matters. The more he does this the better will be his standing with the house and the safer will be his course. Advising patrons is one of the most important duties of the credit man. I place great emphasis on this matter because its importance is so often overlooked by young men starting in the retail trade.

Another cardinal point in the success of the retail merchant is that of having a small but frequent influx of new goods. This is founded on a universal trait of human nature which craves "something new." There is a subtle flattery, practically irresistible, in being shown goods that have not been exposed to the eyes of others in the town.

"Here are some of the latest styles," says the retailer as he reaches into a packing-box and takes out a bolt of dress goods. "They have just come in, and no one has seen them. You may have first choice if you wish." This argument seldom fails to effect an immediate sale. And even if it does not do so, the woman to whom this courtesy is shown goes away with the impression that the young merchant is wide awake and thoroughly up with the times.

The dealer who puts in a small stock at the start and keeps constantly adding thereto with fresh but limited invoices has an immense advantage over the tradesman who buys in large quantities and does not freshen his stock for six months at a time. In these days women are the most numerous and important customers of the retailer, and they do not like to see the same old goods. They will trade where they can find something fresh every time they call.

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All big businesses have had small beginnings. I do not know an exception to this rule. This means that a successful enterprise must have a normal, substantial and legitimate growth. If a young merchant finds himself in quarters larger than he at first demands, he should change for smaller ones or partition off a portion of his room at the back. The latter is better than attempting to put in a larger stock of goods than his trade really demands or his resources warrant. It is also better judgment than to attempt to "spread" his stock over a large space for the mere purpose of filling up.

While the proprietor should be the first at the store in the morning and the last to leave at night, and should be always ready to do anything that he would ask his humblest clerk to do, he should always remember that he must do the headwork of the business. He can hire a boy to candle eggs, sweep out, and deliver goods, but if he does not do the thinking and planning it will not be done. That is something that the most faithful and conscientious clerk cannot do for him. If he allows the physical part of the work so to encroach on his time and energies that he does not find opportunity for a frequent and thoughtful survey of his business, he makes a great and a common mistake. This principle is stated forcibly, if uncouthly, in the old expression, "Let your head save your heels."

HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM

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The young merchant who takes time, at regular intervals, to make a close summary and analysis of his accounts, and takes his bearings so that he knows precisely his position on the sea of business, is the man who will succeed. In other words, the mental part of the business is its most important feature. However, I hold that, at more or less frequent intervals, the storekeeper should personally do every task about the establishment for the sake of influence and example.

Let him take the broom from the hand of the boy and show the latter how to "sweep out" without stirring up a dust or leaving dirt in the corners; this will give him added respect in the eyes of the boy, and the store will thereafter be cleaner by reason of the example; and so with every other task, no matter how trivial or humble.

Then the young merchant will do well always to bear in mind that courtesy is the biggest part of his capital. This does not mean that he should be obsequious or fawning, but simply and invariably attentive to all who enter his place of business.

The matter of advertising is not an unimportant detail. In the local newspaper the young retailer may wisely use a limited amount of display advertising space. This will be most advantageously occupied by a simple, dignified and modest announcement of new goods. Like his stock, the subject matter of his advertisement should be kept fresh by constant change. It should also have the individual quality both in its wording, form and type—something that expresses the personal good taste of the advertiser.

There is no doubt that a neat circular or folder sent personally to patrons is a strong method of advertising. Such announcements may be delivered by messenger or distributed through the mails. Best of all is the neat, personal note written to the merchant's best customers, calling attention to fresh arrivals of goods. The spare moments of a young merchant may be put to a far less effective use than this writing of individual advertising letters.

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It is scarcely possible to put too much emphasis on attractive window displays. Here, again, the element of constant freshness plays an important part. The displays should be frequently changed, and, while striking, they should never fail to have the quality of good taste. Good statuary, pictures, curios and art objects of every kind may be used to unfailing advantage in dressing windows, and they always command the attention and admiration of women. It pays the enterprising merchant to secure the loan of works of art for this purpose—and they are not difficult to obtain.

In looking after all these details, which are of importance in the general result, the young retailer should not fail to keep a proper perspective of his business as a whole. He should know just where he is sailing, and be sure that he is not drifting. In this way he will become a safe pilot, and will bring his enterprise into the harbor of success and independence. And the prosperous retail merchant is a very independent and respected member of the community in this country, where the honest tradesman commands the regard to which he is entitled.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of three practical papers on The Making of a Merchant, by Mr. Higinbotham. The first, Laying the Foundation, appeared in the Post of June 3.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

The New President of Yale

No recent educational event attracted more interest among college graduates and students, or was followed by more favorable comment, than the election of Professor Arthur Twining Hadley to succeed Rev. Dr. Timothy Dwight as President of Yale University. For two centuries the Presidents of Yale had been clergymen, and Professor Hadley is the first layman to fill the executive chair.

This is interpreted by some to mean a further severance of educational institutions from church control, and the fact is mentioned that the question of compulsory chapel attendance is under discussion, with prospects that it may be in some degree modified. This, however, does not seem to be the real reason. Of the fourteen members of the corporation voting eight were clergymen, and a clergyman will attend to the pastoral duties of the college. One statement is that a clergyman combining the practical business qualifications and executive skill could not be found, and that a strictly modern man, wide in experience and sympathy, progressive and energetic, was needed at the head of the corporation.

The election was a fine illustration of the influence of the alumni and supporters of Yale, an overwhelming majority of whom favored the election of Professor Hadley. Indeed, all the preferences and circumstances pointed one way, and the choice was practically unanimous, so that he has begun the third century of Yale's history with the support of its many thousands of friends and with unique opportunities to increase its growth and efficiency. The students lighted bonfires and marched with enthusiastic cheers to congratulate him, and in a modest speech he thanked them for their prompt readiness to aid in making Yale's third century worthy of her first and second.

The modern university is a great business corporation run for giving many kinds of education to a large variety of

ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY
PRESIDENT OF YALE UNIVERSITY

persons, and the direction of its departments and the management of its finances require comprehensive experience, large intelligence, and executive skill of the highest order. It even demands more than that, for it is hard work which needs the vitality and the zeal of youth.

It is generally conceded that, of all the universities, Yale offers one of the broadest fields for Presidential competency. It was not easy to secure the right sort of man to succeed Doctor Dwight, and the corporation of Yale searched the country over for the best, only to find him at home and to again upset the fallacy about the prophet having no honor in his own precinct. Professor Hadley is a native of New Haven, a son of a Professor of Yale, and himself for a number of years one of the most capable and distinguished members of the Yale faculty. He has youth, being only forty-three; he is popular with the students; he has the ability and the training, and he inherits and cherishes the other modern qualifications, including a skilled intimacy with tennis and golf, and a proper enthusiasm when the familiar blue flag floats in greater triumph on land or river.

From all sides comes cordial praise of the progressive character and strong practical force of Professor Hadley. His grasp of modern questions was admirably illustrated in his effort to solve the difficulties of the problem of the relations of transportation companies to the public, and the statement is made that so great is the authority of his work on railroads that the Czar ordered the book translated into Russian and introduced as a text-book in the Russian universities, and that the Government took it as a theoretical guide in the construction of the great Siberian railway. He is to-day probably our authority on these great questions, and his position in economics has long been assured.

Unquestionably, Professor Hadley's election is another instance of the freshening-up of American colleges and universities. In all recent college elections the idea has been to get at the head of the institutions practical men in close touch with the real facts of life and business—men who keep their fingers on the public pulse as faithfully as editors of leading newspapers, or candidates for the White House. Business ability is as indispensable in the Presidency of a university as at the head of a railroad or any other corporation; and this does not mean any disparagement of scholarship, for the university has outgrown the classroom and the text-book, and the modern President must look from the college window and appreciate what is going on in the great world outside.

What President Hadley's election will mean in the development of Yale's splendid history remains to be seen, but the feeling is that his policy will be to strengthen and to stimulate, more than to change, and the unquestionable benefits of the access of interest and earnestness will permeate all the educational forces of the country.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Spanish Vessels are Added to Our Navy

Second only to Hobson's achievement in sinking the Merrimac was his success in raising the Maria Teresa. The event was hailed with joyous acclaim throughout the land, and thousands of paragraphs and many cartoons illustrated Hobson as being invincible both in putting ships beneath the water and placing them upon the waves. The loss of the Maria Teresa off Cat Island was such a distinct disappointment that it seemed to kill general interest in the other ships, but in spite of that the work of saving what is worth having has gone on, and the result is in every way satisfactory.

Two small gunboats which belonged to Spain are now doing service in our Navy, and the Reina Mercedes, a sister ship of the Reina Christina, which Dewey destroyed at Manila, and which resembles our own cruiser the San Francisco, is being turned into an American warship at Norfolk.

The Americans Lead Wherever They Happen to Be

One of the pleasant incidents that drifted over from the Peace Conference at The Hague was the clever way in which the Americans managed to get high seats in the House. In the seating the French alphabetical order was followed, but the Americans were equal to it. They registered themselves "L'Amérique," with "États Unis" in brackets below, and when they secured their front places they met the sallies of their colleagues with the solemn assurance they were innocent of any design in the matter, whereupon Count Munster retorted, "America's innocence is the strongest cord in diplomacy in these days."

Indeed, it is the observation of the foreigners, whom the Americans excel in various ways, that American innocence is characteristic, and it is a fact that the Americans give explanations of many of their successful coups that assuage the disappointment of those whom they excel. This is good policy, because there is nothing like keeping customers in the best possible humor, and unless all the signs fail the Americans are in the markets of the world to stay.

It is surprising in how many directions these new conquests are being won. Some years ago the old saying of "carrying coals to Newcastle" was upset, but even that has been excelled. During 1899 American coal has been sold to the British naval stations, and now the French Government is considering the policy of adapting it for its Navy, after an investigation has shown that while American coal makes a slight percentage more smoke than British coal, it has less ash, less clinker, and is therefore to be preferred.

Coal is one of the beginnings of a people's greatness, and diplomacy is one of its higher developments. Thus the products and the interests as well as the politics and the arts of the country are gaining their way in the prominence of the world.

Using the Summer for Scientific Explorations

The exploration of the wonderful interior of Wyoming this summer by representatives of the principal universities and colleges of the country will have as a counterpart a similar scientific study of Alaska. Both expeditions, which bid fair to be the largest of their kind ever organized, have been made possible by the cooperation of railroad corporations.

The work, as planned for both Wyoming and Alaska, would be beyond the resources of any single institution to undertake, the cost of transportation alone being an unsurmountable obstacle. It is here that the railroads, in volunteering free transportation to accredited scientists, have made a handsome contribution to the cause of original research.

Every branch of science interested in the unfolding of practically new territory will be represented by an acknowledged authority.

Sunday Newspapers in the City of London

What an eminent Englishman said about reform in that country applies to other changes, and there are many who hope that it will take the Londoners fully forty years—which was the time required according to this philosopher to inaugurate a reform after it had been admitted to be desirable—and even longer to appreciate the necessity of a modern Sunday newspaper. At any rate, the experiment was tried by one of the most successful publishers of the day, who enlisted American and English ability in the enterprise, and his example was followed by a rival; but the efforts were flat failures and both editions were stopped. It was plainly a victory of public sentiment, and it was one of the quickest things of this kind that England ever knew.

Too Many Lawsuits in the United States

After enormously increasing lawsuits, the lawyers of the country are considering the best means of reducing what has become a general evil. It is not too much to say that at least one-half of the litigation that comes before the courts of the country is unnecessary. Most courts are overcrowded through malice and general contentiousness, and innocent people are forced into all sorts of discomforts and costs, and cities, counties and States are burdened with unjust expenses.

The discussion of a remedy has called attention to the Judge *de paix* in France. This Judge must be consulted before a writ can be issued, and it is only after he has heard both sides and has failed to settle the matter in dispute that the lawsuit can be brought. There is no charge for this service, and it results in freeing the courts of a vast number of trivial cases, and in many instances in correcting at once ridiculous litigation.

United States Senators by the Direct Vote of the People

If public sentiment were to decide, there would be no question whatever about a change in the law which would place the election of United States Senators directly in the hands of the people. The State Legislatures, especially this year, have done much to accentuate the feeling. Four of them adjourned without electing Senators; in five of them there were charges of bribery; in two of them the courts had to intervene, and in two others investigations of corruption were begun. In addition to all this, the real purposes of the Legislatures were hampered, and in some instances practically defeated. Not only scandal but inefficiency in legislative work marked the course of many of these Senatorial contests, so that now a movement for a change has assumed definite and vigorous shape. In several States, including Illinois, Georgia and South Carolina, Senatorial primaries have been authorized, and in other States, including California, Missouri and North Carolina, provision has been made for ascertaining the wishes of the people in the matter.

United States Senator Hoar has agreed to bring a proposed joint action of State Legislatures in favor of the reform to the attention of the United States Senate. It is in the direction of this proposition that a movement has been undertaken in Pennsylvania, through the commission appointed by the Legislature, to seek a conference with similar bodies from other States. The strength of the general question, backed by the practically unanimous advocacy of the press and the overwhelming approval of the people, promises success, although it will necessarily take some time to make the change.

Canada the Refuge for the Oppressed Peoples of Russia

Our esteemed northern neighbor is becoming justly famous for the readiness with which she opens her doors to the oppressed people of other countries, and it is a little curious that for a third time she has extended the right to live to former subjects of Russia.

Years ago, when the Mennonites were compelled to expatriate themselves that they might not do violence to their religious scruples against engaging in warfare, both Canada and the United States offered their broad, unoccupied acres to the refugees. Thousands of these thrifty people settled on each side of the border line and became valued citizens.

During the past winter, when on the advice of Count Tolstoi the Russian sect of Doukhobors determined to remove to America for the same reasons that had actuated the Mennonites, the Canadian Government offered a vast tract in the Northwest for their settlement, and the experiment is already an acknowledged success.

And to-day, full of sympathy for the last victims of oppression, the Government is seeking to have all the Finns, who propose to leave their denationalized country this summer, establish themselves on the hospitable soil of the Dominion.

The Fate of a Benefactor Who Gave His Fortune to the Public

A generation ago Henry Probasco retired from a successful and upright life of business with the large fortune, for those days, of fully a million dollars. Possessed of a deep love of books and art, and inspired by an ambition to benefit others in his own lifetime, he began applying his means to the promotion of charitable, educational and public enterprises, principally connected with his beloved city.

The magnificent Tyler Davidson fountain, one of the choicest art treasures of Cincinnati, cost him over $200,000. Out of his entire fortune he has given fully $700,000 to please, educate and otherwise benefit the people among whom he lived, and having given his all away he lost his last asset the other day—his once most hospitable home.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

When Captain Gridley Surprised the Governor's Wife

When the U. S. S. Marion was in Vladivostock Harbor, in the fall of 1892, her Captain, the gallant Gridley, of Manila fame, was instructed by his superiors to do all in his power to maintain the good feeling between our country and Russia. Incidentally, a reception was given to the Governor and his staff.

Among the guests was the wife of the Governor, a woman who, like all of the higher class Russians, was an accomplished linguist. This was her first visit to an American man-of-war, and she was very anxious to learn all she could of the treatment of the sailors, and how they lived.

While Captain Gridley was trying to enlighten her, "mess gear" was piped, and the tables on the berth deck were spread for the men's supper. Seizing this opportunity to give Madame X. a practical illustration of what he had been saying, Gridley invited her and the staff to make a tour of inspection. The party went down the after ladder from the cabin and started forward, but vigilant "Jimmy Legs" spotted the party, and in a jiffy the cooks were in their "Sunday best." From table to table the Governor's wife passed, touching and tasting everything. When almost through her inspection, she turned to Captain Gridley with a smile, and said:

"I suppose, Captain, that this is some celebration with your crew, that they have such a fine table set?"

"No, madame," replied the Captain; "on the contrary, we have just come into port after a long voyage, and 'Jackie' is complaining now of the short rations."

"And do you mean to tell me, Captain, that the American sailors have white bread on their tables every day?" asked the astonished and incredulous Russe.

"Yes; even at sea our bakers provide it."

"Well!" ejaculated the lady. "Our men are lucky to have white bread twice a year; we think black bread to be good enough for them. I myself can hardly have white bread more than once a day out here. You Americans must be a rich people!"

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They Asked Him "the Same Old Questions"

Governor Roosevelt's rigid enforcement of the Civil Service regulations in New York political appointments brings angry remonstrance from the professional politicians. The Governor tells pathetically of some of the remonstrances he has to endure on this line. "Some time ago," said the Governor at a recent private dinner, "a man came to me and asked to be appointed to a minor office. He was very 'hot' when I told him he would have to stand the Civil Service examination.

"'Why, I have tried the pesky thing,' he said, 'and they wouldn't pass me.'

"The man had such good backing that I told him to try the examination again. 'You have them sized up now, sir,' I said, 'and you can go through flying.'

"To-day he came to me again, about the angriest politician in New York. 'Do I get that office?' he demanded.

"'Have you passed the examination?'" I asked.

"'Passed it!' he raved. 'How could I pass it when they asked me the same old questions?'"

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Why Senator Quay Dislikes New York

Senator Matthew S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, is probably the most outspoken protestant against New York as a place of residence.

"New York is not a fit place for a man to live in," he said several years ago, and he has been consistent in his dislike of the metropolis ever since. Between the campaigns of 1888, which he managed, and that of 1896, he is said to have never paid Gotham a visit. During the campaign of 1896 he kept away from New York as long as possible, staying there only long enough to look into the management and produce his historic forecast of the election which he published just before the election, and which was only a vote or two wide of the result.

MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY

Senator Quay's campaign methods are always mysterious. He does not believe in talking. In 1888 he called the headquarter newspaper reporters into his office early in the struggle and said, "Gentlemen, while I am Chairman of the National Executive Committee I am never to be interviewed. When I have anything to say I'll say it, but the first man who quotes me in the press will never get another piece of news from me."

He was only quoted once, and the paper in which the item appeared had to secure another reporter for the Republican headquarters or go without the news. On the other hand, Senator Quay is invariably open and unreserved with his friends. And with a reporter whom he knows he can trust he is frank and genial. He possesses a remarkable ability to hold his friends.

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The Man Who Saved the "Flower Securities"

The sudden death of Roswell P. Flower, the well-known New York capitalist, and the panic which threatened such a disastrous fall in the immense interests controlled by his banking house, have brought into popular notice Mr. Anthony N. Brady, a man of rare financial genius and of personal integrity, who has become Mr. Flower's successor.

Mr. Brady has long been known on Wall Street as Mr. Flower's lieutenant, and so great was the confidence he had won from financial interests that even conservative insurance companies hastened to announce that under Mr. Brady's management the Flower securities would have an unlimited backing from their treasuries. So the threatened panic was fortunately averted. The career of this man, whose personal character inspired Wall Street with confidence enough to ward off that most unreasoning thing, a panic on the street, is typical of the many opportunities which are open to young men in America.

Not many years ago Mr. Brady was cashier of a little barber shop in the Delavan House in Albany. By sheer force of personal worth he now controls millions, where formerly he counted dimes. He is estimated at the present time to be worth $3,000,000 in his own right, and has the management of immense sums in what is known as the "Flower securities." The readiness with which shrewd capitalists blindly backed Mr. Brady with unlimited millions is a compliment to personal character that few men have received on Wall Street.

Lady Beresford's Visit to America

One of the most striking characteristics of Lady Beresford (who has been before the public of two continents for many years successively as the very rich Mrs. Hammersley, of New York; the Duchess of Marlborough, of England, and now as Lady William Beresford, of Ireland) is her beautiful hair. Judging from her published portraits her hair is light in color. In reality it is very dark, and her latest photograph, taken in London just before she left for this country to look after her vast property interests, is the only one taken, so far, that reproduces this feature faithfully.

In business matters Lady Beresford is remarkably alert. In that respect she resembles Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard, who was once called by her father, the late William H. Vanderbilt, "the best business man in his family." Her Ladyship's three marriages have all been worldly wise, however much sentiment may have played a part in them, and this same commercial acumen makes her one of the very thriftiest land-owners on Manhattan Island.

But Lady Beresford does not devote all of her time to business matters. She is regarded in Europe as one of the three finest horsewomen in the Old World. The hunt, her social life, and the care of her child, the offspring of her latest marriage, make her life a busy one.

She is especially fond of horses and her stable is one of the choicest in Great Britain. Among the inmates is an underbred dray horse, who owes his present good fortune to his owner's kindness and knowledge of horses. One day this animal, while drawing a load in the courtyard of the estate, set up a loud neighing accompanied by a peculiar limping.

Lady Beresford personally investigated the matter and bound one of her gloves on the horse's hoof. She took his actions as a token of his intelligence, although the hostler shrewdly suspected that an imbedded stone was the cause. At all events, when her Ladyship learned that the horse had been bred on the estate he was promptly put among the hunters, and his future is now assured.

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General King's Only Experience with Wolves

Twenty years ago one of the most popular visitors at Frontenac, Minnesota, was a slender blond man wearing eyeglasses and walking with a slight limp. He and his lovely, dark-haired wife and little girl went to this resort summer after summer. He was General Charles King, the writer and soldier, then instructor in military tactics at the Wisconsin State University. One summer the General, with a party of friends, tented a few hundred yards back of the hotel near the bluff.

There were two trains to and from St. Paul every night, and as they broke in upon the stillness they woke the wolves that made the bluff their home. They were coyotes for the most part, but among them were some wandering gray timber wolves from the Wisconsin woods across the river. They always heard the train first, and greeted its approach with a howl that was sent along like a sentry's shot in a picket line. After the train had gone the howl continued. It was a concert long to be remembered, and a never-ending source of pleasure to the General.

GENERAL CHARLES KING

In one of his earlier books the General has a remarkably vivid description of an escape from wolves. The reader can almost hear the animals yelping at the horses' heels.

"I suppose that is from one of your frontier experiences," observed a critic one day.

"No, indeed. The worst wolves I ever heard were within one hundred yards of a big summer-resort hotel with three hundred guests in it; I never saw a timber wolf."

LADY WILLIAM BERESFORD

Ingalls as President of the Senate

The Senate, while an imposing and dignified body, has often been called dull, but it was least so when Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, occupied a seat on its floor. This eminent politician was one of the most audacious and brilliant debaters who ever spoke in the Upper House, and he furnished constant and various entertainment that kept the people in a continual state of wonderment.

His personality furnished inexhaustible material for the newspaper scribes, and the announcement that he was to speak invariably crowded the galleries. Ever versatile and ready, he rarely disappointed his audience. Few indeed could hold their own against him in debate. A strong partisan, a loyal defender of his party, keen, incisive, ironical, his opponents frequently felt the lash of biting sarcasm which he relentlessly applied; but he was a generous foe, and he never chastised a disabled antagonist.

Senator Ingalls was so fervent a partisan that his unanimous election for President *pro tempore* of the Senate on the death of Vice-President Hendricks, in 1887, was generally questioned as being a wise one, since it was said his political prejudices and bias might influence the conduct of the office. That this opinion was entirely unwarranted his administration proved. It was marked by calmness, impartiality and justice. His knowledge of parliamentary law was unquestioned, and he won the esteem and full respect of his colleagues, who on his retirement presented him with the clock that had been used in the Senate Chamber from 1852 to 1890, together with a resolution of thanks for the "eminently courteous, dignified, able and impartial manner in which he has presided over the deliberations and performed the duties of President *pro tempore* of the Senate."

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TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Mrs. Harrison's Triple Kitchen.—Mrs. Burton Harrison is something more than a novelist and society leader. She is a pioneer in the latest methods of cooking. In her house in New York she has three kitchens in one. In the first gas is used, in the second coal, and in the third electricity. She has, besides, a pantry fitted up with the newest devices for washing dishes by electrically heated water and with brushes and cloths which are operated by the same agent.

Sir Henry Irving's Joke.—Sir Henry Irving is always Sir Henry Irving, whether on or off the stage. So marked is his individuality that during his latest visit to this country a New York practical joker addressed a letter to him, the envelope of which contained merely a pen-and-ink portrait of the actor and his hotel address. The letter was promptly delivered by the hotel clerk, and a reporter to whom the wag confided his joke followed to learn the effect.

"A-a-a-h!" mused the actor, "this deserves an answer."

Thereupon he seated himself at his desk and indited an ironical letter of thanks and inclosed it in an envelope.

"You don't know the address?"

"It does not matter," returned Sir Henry. "I think this will reach him without difficulty."

On the envelope he had drawn the face of a donkey with a pair of enormous ears, the ends of which covered the paper from corner to corner.

Sarasate and his Imitator.—Of Sarasate, the famous violinist, a pleasant story was told the other evening at a reception in Washington. The great master enjoys nothing better than giving or receiving a joke. Sometimes his *bon mots* are a trifle savage. One evening at a social function a young violinist, who had a much higher opinion of his own musical ability that any one else, had the bad taste to play one of Sarasate's compositions with variations of his own creation. The latter were inappropriate and inartistic, and jarred upon the ears of all.

The performer ended his work and made his way to Sarasate, doubtless expecting a word of recognition or praise. Sarasate said nothing, and the player finally asked, "I hope you recognize that piece?"

Sarasate promptly replied, "Certainly. It was a piece of impudence."

THE FATHER OF SANTA CLAUS

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

THE Successful Author dropped in at the club and looked around for some one to whom he might talk shop. He spied the Timid Aspirant in the corner and asked him to sit down. The Timid Aspirant blushed all over, and felt that better days were dawning for him because the Successful Author's name was in every one's mouth.

"Have much trouble to sell your stuff, my boy?"

"Oh, I suppose I oughtn't to complain."

"Never destroy a manuscript, my boy. You don't, do you?"

"Sometimes, sir."

"Ah, don't. You never know when it will become valuable. Anything written has its niche somewhere."

Then the Successful Author sank back in his armchair and continued reminiscently: "I'll never forget how one of my articles fared. It was the fourth or fifth thing that I had written and it was called The Father of Santa Claus. I liked it better than any editor has ever liked anything of mine."

The Timid Aspirant nodded sympathetically, and the Successful Author continued: "I sent it to The Prospect and it came back promptly. Did I destroy it? Not at all. I pigeonholed it, and next year I sent it to them again. Again it came back, and once more I laid it to rest for a twelvemonth and then bombarded The Prospect with it. This sort of thing went on for several years, until at last, to save time, the editor had a special form of rejection printed for it that ran about as follows:

> "*Dear Sir:* The time of year has come once more when we reject your story, The Father of Santa Claus. It would not seem like the sweet Christmas season if we did not have a chance to turn it down. Yours respectfully,
>
> "EDITOR THE PROSPECT."

"Let you down easy each year, didn't he?"

"Yes. Well, in course of time my price went up. At the start I'd have been tickled to death to get five dollars for the thing, but now I knew that if the editor ever did change his mind I'd get at least fifty, so I kept at it. Well, it was last year that my collection of stories made such a hit, and since then I've been so busy filling orders for short stories that I forgot to send my dear old mossback out this year. But day before yesterday I received a note from the editor of The Prospect asking for a Christmas sketch. Now was my opportunity. I wrote back:

> "Sorry I haven't anything new, but it struck me that you might like to look at an old thing of mine called The Father of Santa Claus, and if you care to consider its publication I'll let it go for a couple of hundred, just for the sake of old times."

I inclosed the story, and just before coming here I received a check for $200."

"What moral do you deduce from this, sir?"

"Don't ever sell anything until you've gotten a big reputation."

"Do you mind talking a little more shop?" asked the Timid Aspirant. Somehow he lost his timidity when talking to his renowned friend.

"Of course not. No one really does, though some affect to. Most talk is shop talk. It may relate to plumbing, or to dry goods, or to painting, or to babies, but it is of the shop shoppy, as a rule, only 'literary shop talk,' as Ford calls it, is more interesting to an outsider than the other kinds. What particular department of our shop did you want me to handle?"

"I wanted to ask you if you believed in cutting a man's work—in other words, do you believe in blue-penciling?"

"Ah, my boy, I see that they have been coloring your manuscript with the hateful crayon. No, I don't believe in it. I dislike it now because it mars my work, and I used to hate it because it took money from my purse. Let me tell you a little incident.

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"One time years ago I wrote an article, and after it was done I figured on what I would get for it and with it. If I sold it to a certain monthly I had in mind I should receive enough to buy a new hat, a new suit, a pair of shoes, ditto of socks and a necktie, for all of which I stood in sore need. I hied me forth in all the exuberance of youth and bore my manuscript to the editor. As he was feeling pretty good, he said he'd read it while I waited. At last he laid it down and said, 'That's a pretty good story.' My heart leaped like an athlete. 'But'—my heart stopped leaping and listened—'it will need a little cutting, and I'll do it now if you wish."

"Poor fellow," said the Timid Aspirant sympathetically.

"Well, the first thing that editor did was to cut the socks off of it; then he made a deep incision in the hat; then he slashed away at the trousers and did some scattered cutting, and at last handed the manuscript to me that I might see the havoc he had wrought in my prospective wardrobe. Dear man, I had a vest and necktie left, and that was all. And it would have been the same if it had been a dinner."

The Timid Aspirant shuddered.

"Many a young author has seen the soup and the vegetables, and at last the steak, fade away under the terrible obliterating power of the indigo crayon, and lucky is he if a sandwich and a glass of water remain after the editor's fell work. Blessed is that editor who does not care to work in pastel—to whom the blue pencil is taboo—for he shall be held in honored remembrance of all writers and his end shall be peace."

"Amen!" said the Timid Aspirant.

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The Circle of a Century

Part I—In Old New York

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

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"The best luck! To think that we should have seen it with our own eyes!"

Chapter II

THE dwelling in Queen Street toward which Captain Hope directed his steps after leaving the Widow Warriner's tea-table was already beginning to take rank in the town as a relic of antiquity, the one marking the earliest pretension of New York to luxurious living.

Built in 1695 by his father's grandfather, its bold façade and generous dimensions of sixty by eighty feet, together with the carvings and decorations of the exterior, and the great empty stables and coach-house in the rear, excited much reverence from lookers-on.

What of the inside failed to be revealed in the airings and cleanings Madam Hope's black women from time to time bestowed on it was invented by lively imagination, and handed down to swell tradition's blast.

People loved to talk of the old French nutwood furniture, the velvet cushions trimmed with gold lace, the mirrors and pictures of the rooms of state on the first floor. They said less of the smaller apartments upstairs, kept warm and cosy for the two invalids who were all that was left to represent the proud line of founders of the house.

For the predecessors of Laurence Hope had figured conspicuously, and at times brilliantly, in the political and military affairs of the Province. Their name was writ high in history, and the fact that, through one accident of fortune after another, the present representatives of the family were near the bottom of the ladder, did not cause their fellow-citizens to regard the Hopes as of less social consequence than before.

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But these circumstances, however soothing to pride, failed in making Laurence Hope's home a pleasant resort for a man in the vigor of his youth. He well knew what he would find there: his father, helpless and almost childish in his chair, eager to ask questions, forgetful before the answers came, still more eager about the little dishes and dainty menus the womenfolk managed to provide for him; his mother, whose courage and ceaseless effort to hold up the falling pillars of their house had failed with her health a few years back, upon the death of her older son, who, though a rake and a gambler, was yet the darling of her heart! She was now a creature of whims and exactions, whose bursts of temper were succeeded by hours of frozen silence.

And Eve—there was always Eve!

Eve was twenty now. She had been "taken up" by Madam Hope, then in full possession of her rare gift of management, when but a waxen-faced girl of sixteen with a mop of thick red hair, the child of a Scotch-Irish mechanic, who had brought her an infant in arms across the sea to try his luck in the New World. Job Watson had prospered at his trade of carpentry, but, losing his wife, had been glad to secure a home for Eve in the house of gentlefolk, where she could be trained for domestic service.

In the beginning Madam Hope had found out the girl's talent for finest needlework. Were there a moth hole in some web of Indian loom, a "snag" in priceless lace or worn place in rich, old table damask, Eve's twinkling fingers could make it as good as new. From keeping her mistress' wardrobe and table linen in repair she had passed on to be amanuensis, secretary, sick-nurse, companion, accountant, and at last manager and mainstay of the household. Under her rule comfort was now maintained where otherwise there would have been a barren waste. And during the period of her development to high womanly usefulness, and while reflecting the refinement of her surroundings, a common miracle of Nature was accomplished—Eve had grown beautiful!

Many eyes and tongues had made note of this fact before. When the girl was just turned nineteen Captain Laurence was ordered to New York. One can imagine the effect upon young Hope's imagination of this sweet and helpful vision in his stricken home. Modest and self-effacing, Eve never pushed herself upon the interviews he held daily with his parents; but as to her they looked for services he could not render, he had been for months seeing her continually, and had owed her the most substantial consolations of his difficult position. It was Eve who made smooth the rough places inevitable in their intercourse. It was Eve who had been his friend-confidante—and latterly something nearer.

Spite of this magnet, Hope did not now seem to hasten to reach his home. He made a détour, walking far and hard before going back to the neighborhood of the paternal mansion. When he again turned into their street the afternoon was closing into evening, and the tall house, looming up against a daffodil sky, seemed to him steeped in shadows.

Above the portal at the front was a massive balcony from which bygone Governors of the Province had been wont to review troops. Looking up at it through recent habit, Hope saw fly out toward him a fluttering square of white.

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At once Laurence turned and retraced his steps. When at a point secure against observation from the house he waited. His lips were drawn, his forehead knotted. Whoever was coming to be his comrade, no buoyancy of welcome was in the mien of Laurence Hope!

Almost immediately he was joined by a girl in a gown of oft-washed dimity, carrying in her hand a traveling-bag, and wearing a veil of green gauze drawn closely over the front of her straw scoop-bonnet.

"So you are for the water, after all?" he said, with attempted lightness. "Had I known you could relent in my favor I'd have come home earlier. Last night, when I dropped in to show the old people my regimentals for the ball, you were adamant about going out alone with me, unknown to them. What, Eve? Crying! Take my arm, dear, and let us walk on. Then you can tell me what has troubled you."

"Laurie, the most dreadful thing has happened! She found that note you wrote asking me to go out for a row with you to-day. You know how you signed it . . . . It is all over; she has ordered me from the house."

"Eve?"

"Yes; don't speak till I tell you, for I've no time to lose. I'd have walked the three miles to father's farm, but that I waited to speak to you. And now it's too late for me to walk alone, and—and I have no money for a chaise."

Her voice, broken by weeping, failed her.

"Eve, my mother must be mad if she sent you away penniless."

"She does not know that I am so. There are reasons I can't explain why it is thus. But that is nothing beside the way she spoke. Laurie, she can be terrible when you are in question. She was like a tigress robbed of her young."

"Come back, then, and let me tell her that I will brook no such interference in my affairs," exclaimed the young man fiercely. "We shall see whether or not I have the right to choose a wife for myself."

"Oh! no, no; she has shown me too plainly the insolence of such pretension on my part. The madness was mine, even to listen to you, to dream that I could be accepted by your family. Laurie, it would have been a thousand times better had we been firm at first, and not let ourselves drift into this thing, that can bring us nothing but misery. Wherever I look ahead there is no hope for us—my father——"

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"That rigid old Bluelight ought to have served in Cromwell's Army of Covenanters, and by hacking and hewing worked out his objections to my class. Is it only because I am what I am, Eve, that you think he would refuse you to me? Or is there another reason?"

"He has always warned me against you since the first time you came home, and I think he honestly believes that a man who plays cards and goes to the playhouse is on the high road to perdition. But I must tell you the truth, Laurie. He has set his heart on my marrying a young man, a fellow-workman of his; and because I won't hear of Luke Adamson for a suitor he has been very violent. My last visit home was such as I try not to think about. And when he knows I have promised to marry you——"

"There'll be the deuce to pay, then, at your house, as well as mine. Eve, little girl, we aren't the first couple that failed to count the cost of falling in love. But I'll stand by you, and never fear but we'll pull out of this trouble. How far you were excusable for your share in the matter it doesn't become me to say. But aren't you the only bright spot of my home?"

"Don't remind me of that; after all, I owe the best of my life to your dear mother! For I do love her, Laurie, in spite of her cruelty to-day. She was not herself. She has had many sore trials, and it shouldn't have been I who added to them. What can they do without me? Who will there be to take my place this evening? He'll never sleep without my reading aloud; and she calls me always, the last thing before she drops off, to lay my hand upon her forehead and soothe her nerves. It was my fault. I presumed too far and forgot my station, and now my poor benefactors will never ask me to come back. Oh! Laurie, Laurie, already my sin has found me out! Help me to get home and brave my father's anger; and do you go back and tell them that I swear never to think of you again, except as the child of my dearest, truest friends."

The glad bounding of Laurence Hope's heart almost took away his powers of speech. What he would have answered was restrained by the burst of grief that now overwhelmed his young companion, shaking her slender form until he was forced to put his arm around her for support.

Although the streets were nearly deserted—save by the muffin man, and the carts carrying water from the tea-house pump—he feared to attract the notice of passers-by, and looked about him for some place of refuge.

By good fortune they were just then passing the thread and needle and comfit shop of Mrs. Pips, one of his mother's

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Editor's Note—This story began in the Post of June 12.

beneficiaries, a lone woman whom he had known over her little counter from the days of his earliest purchases. By looking through the glass of the closed door he could see that the tiny place was empty of customers, and leading Eve within he explained to the proprietor that she had been suddenly taken faint upon the street—adding that he was off to secure a chaise in which to take her home.

"Dear heart, and that's little enough to ask for Eve Watson, who brings me all the custom o' your house, Captain," exclaimed the dame; "let alone what Madam Hope did when my poor Pips lay a-dyin' in that very room behind the shop, where I'll take the girl, and let her sit in quiet."

As Hope hastened away, a sense of relief arising amid his perplexity, he did not observe that two young bucks of fashion strolling on the opposite sidewalk had stopped to take notice of the little episode.

"Oh, ho! Sits the wind in that quarter, Master Laurie?" said Arnold Warriner, executing a low whistle of surprise. "I wonder who's the Dulcinea?"

"Why, man, where have you been, never to have seen Eve Watson, Madam Hope's tire-woman or companion, who is reputed to be one of the most delicious beauties of the town, though so stiff-necked and uppish no one can get her to turn her head in passing?"

"So that's she, is it?" replied Arnold. "I saw her but once, at the play, under Madam Hope's wing, and got no encouragement when I waited to ogle her coming out. Laurie keeps his affairs so close, and that old house of theirs has become such an ogre's castle, nobody can peep in through the keyhole even. You, Bellingham, who manage to pick up every shred of gossip for the clubs and drums, must have heard of this before?"

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"Never, upon my life!" said Bellingham eagerly. "But what a rich tid-bit we have now. If my eyes didn't deceive me, that pretty head had a very affectionate cant toward Laurie's shoulder when he led the drooping sufferer indoors. By Jove, it's an elopement, or I'll eat my hat!"

"Then, as dusk begins to favor us, we'll see the end of it," added Warriner. "By stepping behind this friendly wooden Indian who serves the tobacconist as a sign we can stay a few minutes unobserved by casual eyes."

"What will the Hopes say to these divagations of their son and heir?" went on Bellingham, savoring the choice morsel under his tongue. "The proudest woman we have is the old dowager Hope, and her ruling passion the desire that this son shall build up the family fortunes by a wealthy match. And only this afternoon Laurie was playing swain to your bewitching cousin. How will the lovely widow bear wreathing her head with willows for such a rival?"

"There is little to fear in that regard," said Warriner contemptuously. "My cousin, like all pretty women, may enjoy making sunshine and storm for her admirers, but when the time comes for definite choice another than Hope may be in question."

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Bellingham, although a fop and quidnunc, was quick enough to perceive the proprietary note in the other's voice, and could not resist an attempt to tease him.

"Oh! I'm an echo of common talk, that's all," he said, shrugging. "And any man with half an eye could have seen that Madam Lucilla's gaze was all for Laurie last night and to-day. Take my advice, Warriner, and if you are interested in the chances of any aspirant for the widow's hand, contrive to let her know of the pretty scene we have just enjoyed. Hist! Here is a hackney coach drawing up opposite, and egad! Master Laurie steps out of it. I wouldn't have missed this for a kingdom. Prodigious fun, isn't it?"

While Arnold Warriner's sluggish passion for Lucilla was thus fired to instant activity, and the two observers drew back into an alleyway whence they could still further pursue their investigations, Laurence Hope rushed into the little shop.

"La, Captain, you startled me!" cried Mrs. Pips, who had returned behind her counter to vend lollypops to a deliberating urchin. "Go in, sir; you'll find all quiet again, and the young person none the worse for her faint turn. 'Tis but a step to Queen Street, sir; and I think she might walk, but you know best—gentlefolks know best. Miss Watson ought to be grateful all her life for such kindness and condescension on your part. A tidy, industrious girl, Captain, as I'm sure your mother has found out; and comes o' decent, God-fearin' people. Before Job Watson took up carpenterin', and bought his little place, he was hired to help in a tool-shop near ours. And though I'm a Churchwoman and they Presbyterians, we'd never a word pass between us but what was befittin' good neighbors. They do say, Captain, that Eve is gettin' finer prices than ever from the gentry for her lace-work and those grand darns she puts into silken hose. Vastly kind o' Madam Hope to allow Miss to make a nest-egg for herself. Shouldn't wonder, now, if she's given her money all to Job to lay by for her! Canny folks, those Scotch-Irish, as poor Pips used to say. Can't think what she'd do with her earnings if they're not in bank. Plain as a pikestaff in her dress, and that straw hat bleached three times."

"Eve, dear," said the young man, when, finally escaping the beldame's eloquence, he went into the room behind the shop, "I have brought a coach, as you desired, and purpose to drive out with you to your father's, telling him frankly the circumstances of our case, and that I am ready to keep my pledge to you. Don't say me nay. I should feel like a poor stick if I let you go there alone, at this hour, after having been turned out of my mother's house under such conditions. I have been thinking it over, since I left you; and there seems but one way for an honorable man to act."

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"I, too, have been thinking it over, Laurie," replied the girl resolutely; "and if I was weak enough to give way and cause you such trouble a while ago, I am strong now. I shall never consent to afflict your poor mother by asking her to

"EVE, LITTLE GIRL, WE AREN'T THE FIRST COUPLE THAT FAILED TO COUNT THE COST OF FALLING IN LOVE"

countenance our marriage. Already I have forgiven the hard words her passion wrung from her. I should return, God knows, if she would have me, and do for her as before. But that can never be now. I have a home waiting for me, and will go to it. Humble as it is, I can find happiness, or at least content in doing my duty. By and by my father will see that I am not, as he thinks, spoiled for him by living with people above my sphere. I will make myself needful to him. You will find some one more fit for you—some one who would never be a reproach, a thing to apologize for—a person to be explained before she could be accepted."

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"Is this you, Eve? I'll swear I hardly know you!" exclaimed the young man, bewildered at her passionate earnestness.

"Nobody knows me, I think," said Eve, smiling mournfully; "and least of all my own father. The truth is, that all this reading to your father about the doctrines of the new Government had set me to pondering and studying out the question of social equality, till I suppose I thought the real me good enough to accept your love and try to make your happiness. But I was self-deceived. Your mother has shown me that, whatever their theories, the time is not ripe for American aristocrats to put that into practice. And, Laurie, there is something else—something that for days past I've tried to nerve myself to say to you. I've been thinking that your fancy for me has cooled; that you acted on impulse when you asked me to be your wife. If this is true, how much better that we should part now than let our bond go on till it becomes a chain on you."

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"Poor little Eve!" sighed the young man compassionately.

There was nothing of the coxcomb in his sympathy. Eve, recognizing this, did not shrink from it. The mortal pang was that truthful Laurence could not bring himself to contradict her statement that his love for her was diminished.

"Say no more about it now, little girl," he said gently. "You have suffered too much, and through no fault of yours, to-day, and have still an ordeal before you. Eve, I would give anything to spare you this interview with your father—to help you through it, if I could——"

"You can't help me, Laurie. If you were there it would be far, far worse. But, although he is violent, my father is a conscientious man, and will in time see that I have done nothing to shame him, even if I am sent away in apparent disgrace from my employer's home."

"It is your home—or will be, one day, if you will take it, Eve," he exclaimed hotly.

"Laurie! as if I didn't know you to be the most generous, impulsive fellow alive; one who would share your last shilling with a friend in distress! Don't let your pity for me run away with your judgment. Go back, dear, to your parents. They will be needing some one sorely, now, at this very hour. Old Chloe can never make them as comfortable as I could. You'll tell her not to forget your father's drops at nine, won't you—and a spoonful of port wine in your mother's gruel before she goes to sleep? Oh! Laurie, it breaks my heart to have to leave them to themselves."

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"Then come back with me, Eve, and let me make peace between you and the mother."

"She would never forgive me that!" cried Eve, shuddering away from the arm he put around her. "No, no; let me go to my own people, whom I should never have left!"

"But I refuse to have you break with me, remember," he protested, holding his head erect with a gleam of obstinate purpose in his eyes, that she, alas! had seen in other, older eyes, like his, that day! "My mother knows that I will not submit to be coerced. She shall answer to me for her cruelty to you!"

"Laurie, Laurie, her heart is bound up in you! She is an old, broken woman, and you must be merciful to her as you are strong."

Clinging to his arm and looking pleadingly into his face, she would not part with him until he had given her his promise to deal gently with his mother; that secured, she let him put her in the coach.

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"The driver tells me that 'two of the gentry' were over yonder whispering and spying on our actions till a minute since," he said, following her within the vehicle. "And, if that be the case, there may be annoyance in store for you from some impertinent fellows who might see you set off unprotected. I insist upon accompanying you till you are within sight of home; and then, if you must, you may go the rest of the way alone."

Eve's protest was in vain. In another moment they were driven at a brisk pace uptown and eastward in the direction of the Boston Road.

Under a swinging oil lantern with which a street official had just faintly illuminated the darkness before Mrs. Pips' shop door, Warriner and Bellingham saw the couple set off upon their drive.

"The best luck! To think that we should have seen it with our own eyes, not heard it at a miserable second hand, after half the tongues in town had prated the tidings to their next-door neighbors," cried Bellingham, slapping his thigh in an ecstasy. "Laurie Hope, the son and heir of the most confoundedly uppish family in the town, to run off with a little baggage of a serving-woman—and all the aristocratic fair left in the lurch! Favorite against the field! Gad! Warriner, I can't rest till I'm among the people who haven't heard the news!"

"Did you speak?" asked Captain Warriner. Now that he had something to reveal that Lucilla could not doubt, he had begun to study ways and means by which to convey the intelligence to her without letting Hope be aware that he had condescended to play the spy upon his movements. As he knew by experience, Hope was not a man to be trifled with; and Arnold had no mind to have an "affair of honor" on his hands at this critical moment when courtship, not fighting, was the occupation of his thoughts. As for little Bellingham, Hope would not consider him a foeman worthy of his steel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Rich Man's Burden

IS IT a disgrace to die rich?

From the peak of a fortune that is popularly supposed to be $200,000,000, Andrew Carnegie has declared that the man who dies rich dies disgraced. On the other hand, Russell Sage, who has gathered a great many millions himself, retorts that the disgrace is in dying poor. It does not seem to have occurred to either of these rich men that they are virtually of the same opinion. They measure success by the same yardstick—the ell of money.

The question, stripped of all sentimentality, is simply this: What is the responsibility attached to a great fortune? Is the rich man's first duty to the financial and commercial interests of the country or to that part of the community that stands in need of private benefaction? By "dying rich" Mr. Sage means dying in harness—fulfilling to the end his obligations to the money-breeding community. Mr. Carnegie believes that it is his duty to give the latter half of his life to distributing the fortune he has accumulated in the first half.

The distribution of surplus wealth is the chief problem that confronts American civilization. What the slavery question was forty years ago that question will be to-morrow. Mr. Carnegie has discerned the evil; but what is his remedy? Charity—beneficence—expending money in an attempt to check poverty. At first glance this seems to be a magnificent intention. There is a moral beauty about charity that appeals with singular power to this generation.

I met a New York politician the other evening just after he had given alms to a sturdy beggar. "I refused that fellow at first," he said, "and somehow or other I didn't feel right, so I went back and gave him a quarter." "Why?" I asked. "Well, I like to have my conscience all right, so I can sleep with impunity."

That was the crude Tammany way of defining the impulse that has led Mr. Carnegie to devote his millions to ameliorating poverty.

Now the beneficence that attempts to fight poverty is a positive injury. Said Herbert Spencer: "To help the good-for-nothing at the expense of the good is a social crime." Philanthropy has done good only when it has fostered a desire for a well-ordered life—the instinct toward social well-being—love for order and beautiful things. The daily war with want must be waged by the individual. The business of philanthropy is to reward the man who fights this battle well. To make him richer—to increase his physical comfort—is to pull down his self-respect.

If Mr. Carnegie expends his fortune—be it in art galleries, concert-rooms, libraries, public baths, theatres—in aiding the poor man to lead a well-ordered life while waging war with want, he will do $200,000,000 worth of good; if he tries to fight poverty he will do just so much harm, and he had far better left his money to breed in trade and commerce.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

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There may be too much of a good thing even in an hysterical philanthropy. A millionaire declared it was disgraceful for a man to die rich, and then a college professor proclaimed that it was a sin for anybody to hold private property, but already the millionaire is begging that the demands upon him cease, and the college professor is not asking the trustees to reduce his salary. The world has been doing a great deal more to settle problems in economics than all the prophets and sensation seekers, and the good old rule of doing your best and getting all you can for it, and using wisely and modestly your surplus, whether it be ten cents or ten millions, still continues as the safe line of conduct for sensible people.

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Search Out the Truth

EVEN if the truth about any great matter was much more easily ascertained than it is, there would still be differences of opinion on most great questions of conduct or policy. Men's minds differ, and the opinions they reach on a given state of facts will vary. Still, most differences of opinion in public matters are based on ignorance, or a different understanding as to the facts. The volume of what we don't know about matters of great moment, as to which as citizens and voters we are expected to make up our minds and take sides, is always rather appalling.

Take the war in the Philippines. How much do we at home know about the Filipinos whom our soldiers are fighting? To one group Aguinaldo is the Washington of Luzon, and his Tagalos are minutemen from Lexington and patriots of Bunker Hill. To another group he is Geronimo, and the Tagalos are Apaches. To another he is a clever half-breed, backed by rich half-breed families, the representative of a strong secret organization which cuts the throats of Filipinos who do not wish to fight the Americans, and the purpose of which is to establish an oligarchy which shall govern the Philippines by main strength in the interest of and to the enrichment of the oligarchs. If we are fighting a band of patriots who want liberty, it is a sorrowful task; if we are fighting a conspiracy against just government in the Philippines, it is a righteous work. If we knew the whole truth about it there might still be differences of opinion about the profitableness of the job. But there would be a great majority of the Americans on one side or the other.

Take another matter, that of the race problem in the South. One group of readers thinks of the Southern whites as arrogant oppressors, who murder negroes on slight occasion, and are possessed of a rule-or-ruin spirit which wantonly denies to the negroes civil rights, political rights, and security of person or property. Another group sees in the Southern States seven millions of negroes, a great majority of whom are grown-up children, without either the training or the development of character that would qualify them to vote intelligently and share in government. It sees them distributed among ten millions of white people upon whom really rest the responsibility for public order and the maintenance of civilization. It sees growing up between these races mutual fears and jealousies, distrust, hostility. It sees ignorant and unruly negroes who now and then commit atrocious crimes, which more or less unruly whites, many of whom are also ignorant, punish atrociously. It deplores the situation, but it deplores it with sympathy for the good people on both sides, and it studies how to solve it.

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We could come near agreeing about our duty in the Philippines if we knew the truth about the situation. We could at least discuss the problem in the South with forbearance and intelligence if we fully understood it. Our great trouble is misinformation or inadequate knowledge. We think of ourselves as holding different opinions from some one else, whereas the truth is we have accepted a different story and our minds are dealing with a different set of facts. To make up one's mind on most questions of public policy is not so very difficult provided one is sure of his facts. Where the rub comes is in finding out what is really going on.

Our strength as republicans is supposed to lie in great measure in what may be called our nose for truth; which practically means that we have pretty good judgment as to probabilities, and when accounts conflict we use good discernment in choosing between them. The race problem in the South must apparently be settled in the South, whatever we may come to think about it, but Northern influence will help to settle it if Northern opinion is intelligent and rightly informed. About the Philippines, we may hope to see our people much more nearly in accord than they are yet, as our knowledge of that situation grows fuller and more accurate.

—E. S. MARTIN.

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People who are casting about for new laws to compel themselves to choose better United States Senators might pause a moment to consider on whom they are reflecting.

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The Golden Rule of Exercise

PHYSICAL exercise has been so much insisted upon recently in considering the best development of men and women that both theory and practice have been pushed to dangerous extremes. A sound mind in a sound body is the thing most desired, and the hasty conclusion seems to have been reached by a great many people that if physical exercise is good the more of it the better. An immense injury is being done by over-violent and too long-continued application to the pleasant and stimulating activities known as athletic training.

Our remarks need not be confined in their application to those who go into what is called "professional training," but may be taken to heart by all who ride the wheel, play golf, excel in rowing, fencing, boxing, or go enthusiastically into any other sport or pastime involving great physical exertion. It is particularly to the interest of persons following a sedentary avocation to understand just when and how physical exercise should be taken in order to get its best benefits without the risk of injury to the great centres of energy. Nerve force and muscular power are so intimately connected that to interfere with one must certainly hinder the other. Almost every sedentary occupation, and especially where the mind is hard worked, makes a great draining of nerve force; and yet we see persons turn from long and exhausting brain labor to the most violent physical exercise without any intervening rest. No greater mistake could be made. Physical exertion is but an additional draught upon the resources of the nerves.

The young woman who has applied her mind intensely to shorthand and typewriting for many consecutive hours is no sooner released from duty than, perhaps, she mounts her bicycle and goes for a long, hard spin, hoping thereby to fortify her body and limbs, strengthen her lungs and heart, keep her system in robust working order. The young man who is an accountant, or lawyer's clerk, or official copyist, or laborious student thinks it his duty to go directly from his work to the gymnasium or to the tennis court for what he fondly imagines will "build up" his muscular system and counteract the exhaustion caused by the intense mental application of business hours. This is burning the candle at both ends, and instead of receiving real benefit from exercise the misguided victim of ignorance almost certainly sustains great injury to the vital centres. Two draughts are made upon the treasury of strength instead of one; it is like borrowing money at ruinous interest to pay a debt.

The first thing to know on this subject of exercise is that rest must follow work. If you are mentally fatigued you may be sure that you are also physically fatigued; twenty minutes of sleep are worth more to you at such a time than two hours of the bicycle or the gymnasium. Take the sleep first, then you are ready for action and may go heartily out for a spin. Your nerve-centres have been readjusted and recharged by the great restorer, sleep; you are in trim for getting the very greatest pleasure and benefit from reasonable physical activities. Take this, then, as the golden rule of exercise: Never go directly from hard physical exertion to hard mental labor, and never go immediately from exhausting mental exercise to great physical activity. Let rest, and if possible sleep, intervene.

No physiologist doubts that change from one sort of exercise to another, and the alternation of physical and mental occupations can be of greatest recreative benefit when properly regulated. Bodily exertion in the open air is conducive to health and longevity, so is mental activity; but reckless rushing from exhaustion in one to additional exhaustion in the other cannot fail to injure the physique and shorten the life of the person who does it.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

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If all other signs of promise should disappear, the fondness of the modern man for fresh air might still work out his salvation.

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Our American Vaudeville Society

ARE we not in danger of taking too seriously that thing which calls itself Society? The other day an ingenious soul wrote to a newspaper this childlike query: "You have given us page after page about one divorce in Society; could you not somewhere furnish us with a paragraph about the millions who do not get divorced, and who are not in Society?"

This naive interrogation has the frank incisiveness that one often encounters in the nursery. There is in it a bland suspicion that the word Society is in some way fraudulent. To take up the query at this point leads inevitably to the question, Who and what is Society, anyway? Is it the Gulf Stream of communal integrity and loyalty to great ideals? or is it the gulls that fly over it? Shall we judge of the tendency of a vast current by the mere eddies that pretentious wealth and ostentatious fashion make amid the tepid puddles of luxury? Is Society a factor that can be appraised by the number of plates and wardrobes?

The only Society of which America needs to be proud and upon which its perpetuity rests is magnificently independent of fashion and notoriety, and very often of wealth itself. The word Society means nothing more than the association for a common purpose of a number of human units, and this associative instinct, where it is purest, strongest and most conservative, is outside of coteries, lying in vast but unobtrusive phalanxes along the energizing levels. That wealth, however gotten, and mere behavior, and a formulated exclusiveness should have appropriated the word Society and interdicted its use by anybody else is one of the most impertinent anomalies of a Republic.

If anybody will take the trouble to dig for it he will probably find the real authoritative American Society living humbly, or at least modestly, in farmhouses and cottages and tenements, a vast group of closely riveted human interests, unacquainted with Mrs. Grundy and unfamiliar with the Society journal, making up in its entirety the solidarity and the promise of our civilization. Here is the bed-rock of national vitality. But it is not picturesque nor theatric nor startling. It is only unconsciously heroic and patient and procreative. God seems to have said to these persons: "You may not be Society, but you can become the salt of the earth, and that is much better for My purpose."

The things which make for righteousness in a nation are not listed at the Stock Exchange or set down in the élite directory, but may flourish and bear abundant fruit in obscure homes and patient lives. Society, like religion itself, is self-sacrifice, and not self-parade. The so-called Society of our fashionable life in the fevered centres approaches nearer and nearer the theatre in its manifestations. It is because both of them give themselves with zest to exhibiting and not to being. But all the while the great normal currents of life itself make up the real social onwardness of our civilization. Back of the phantasmagoria are the wan faces and the tired limbs and the patient hearts that are building better than they know, and are giving their lives for something other than themselves, and thus pulling the universe up, as God intended, to a higher plane.

—A. C. WHEELER (NYM CRINKLE).

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As long as a citizen who offers to pay all his just taxes is regarded as eccentric, the gospel of human perfection will never make much headway.

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The Hero as a Fighter

THE great public from time immemorial has been led by the man who does, rather than by the one who merely thinks. It is the man of action who has moved nations and acquired Empires. The great hero is he who has been foremost in fight. Diplomacy may accomplish the same results, but the ways of diplomacy are dark. Motives and far-reaching results must be measured and comprehended. But the leader who wins a battle or even suffers defeat, so he stays to the finish, is a tangible quantity, a fact that all may understand. What counts in giving our hero his place is his display of the fighting instinct, *per se*, the physical courage that enables him to dare death and to admit of no obstacle between him and the accomplishment of his purpose. All the world loves a fighter, and no bubble reputation carries with it so vast a power for good or evil as the one gained at the cannon's mouth.

All history is made glorious by the stories of brave deeds done by land and sea, and literature is rich in romances with a fighting hero. Old Homer's epic lives, and will ever live in youthful vigor by force of the bully fighting men who hurled their javelins and drove their chariots before the walls of Troy. Helen's beauty is not the joy forever, but Achilles' brawn and Hector's deeds of valor. It is Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Richard the Lion-Hearted, Cromwell, Nelson, Napoleon, Wellington, Gordon, Grant, Lee, and to bring the hero up to date, Dewey, Sampson, Schley, Roosevelt, Funston, and men of their type who most stir the blood of young and old alike, and become counselors of perfection.

No hero the world has known is more firmly placed in the popular mind than Napoleon. His career embodies every element of the romantic and tragic that appeals to the fighting spirit, and no amount of dwelling on the sordidness and essentially selfish aspects of his ambition can depreciate his standing as a hero of the first class. There is a wholesome and hopeful indication in this popular approval of valor for valor's sake; and while we may at times feel the sharp contrast between the spirit of militarism and the amenities of an advanced civilization, it is well to know that we can yet rise to an appreciation of the qualities that belong to all vigorous and progressive peoples.

—JAMES B. CARRINGTON.

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The eager joy of all the people to do for Dewey is only surpassed by the more eager desire of Dewey that they do not do it.

Although he will thoroughly appreciate the spirit that prompts the contributors to a fund to buy him a home, Admiral Dewey does not need much of a house. He is a widower, with one son who graduated from Princeton in 1896 and is now employed in New York

During his last tour of duty in Washington as Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, Admiral Dewey had apartments in the Everett, an apartment house on H Street, and took his meals at the Metropolitan Club. It was a comfortable but small suite of three rooms with a bath, on the fifth story, overlooking the Potomac and commanding a beautiful view of Arlington and the heights of Virginia

The Admiral was seldom seen in society, for he accepted few invitations, and limited his visits to the homes of his intimate friends. He had one passion, however, and that was horseback riding. He belonged to the Country Club, and could be seen every afternoon, rain or shine, astride a little chestnut mare, of which he was very fond. In all the steeplechases of the club he took part, and there was no better cross-country rider in Washington.

Houses in Washington have been presented to General Grant, General Sherman, General Sheridan and General Miles. An attempt was made to raise a fund to buy one for Admiral Worden after he lost his eyesight during the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, but it was not successful. The subscriptions were not sufficient to pay for such a residence as his friends thought he deserved, and the money was returned to the subscribers

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Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, as everybody knows, is a peculiar man. Mr. Blaine used to say that he could sit down at a dinner table with twelve strangers, discover the soft spot in every one of them, and punch it before the coffee was served. He is the tease of the Senate, and no man in Congress is so exasperating in debate.

There are certain men on both sides of the Senate who are easily irritated, who can be provoked to say and do things that they regret, and it is Mr. Chandler's delight to torment them. Senator Proctor, of Vermont, is an entirely different man. He is a smooth, shrewd, contemplative Yankee. He never loses his temper, he never becomes irritated, but is always as placid and sedate as a doctor of divinity. He sits beside Mr. Chandler in the Senate and they have a good deal to say to each other. His colleagues do not regard his seat as an enviable one. Most of the Senators would rather sit by any one than Mr. Chandler.

In the cloak-room one day one of Mr. Proctor's friends inquired how he got along with his neighbor. He replied that he did not have any trouble with him.

"Do you like Chandler?" inquired another.

"Well, yes, I like him," replied Senator Proctor with a strong Vermont twang, "but it is an acquired taste."

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There is a great deal of rejoicing in Washington at the good news from Mrs. Leland Stanford that the recent increase in values has enabled her to sell her railway stocks and other securities on terms so favorable that the Leland Stanford University will enjoy, hereafter, dividends upon about eighteen million dollars profitably invested.

There was a time—and it was not long ago—when Mrs Stanford feared that the institution which was founded by her husband as a memorial for her only son might be compelled to close for lack of funds, and some of her friends in Washington have letters from her, written about that time, which show the depth of her despair. In order to provide for the institution as well as possible she insured her life for a million dollars for its benefit, she transferred to the Board of Trustees all her property, she went into court and had her allowance for personal expenses cut down to the lowest possible limit, and went alone to Europe carrying her jewels, which she hoped to sell secretly in order to raise funds to pay the current expenses of the University.

Mrs Stanford had a horror of exposing her poverty in America, but she hoped to find rich people in England, Germany or France who might be willing to take her diamonds and pearls and that wonderful necklace, which was the pride of the Empress Eugenie and contains the finest collection of emeralds in the world, without publicity and without necessitating the payment of a large commission to agents. She went to Amsterdam and saw bankers with whom her husband had intimate financial relations, and she sent a friend to the Court at St. Petersburg to inquire into the probability of selling her jewels there; but she got no encouragement. The millionaires of Europe were a little uneasy at that time. The financial depression extended around the world, and the uncertainty of a revival of prosperity made them cautious about investing in jewels

Mrs Stanford was compelled with much regret to bring her necklaces and bracelets and brooches back again. Fortunately, she no longer needs to sell them, although she will never wear them again. She will provide in her will for their sale, and for the investment of the proceeds for the benefit of Stanford University

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The Aspiroz boycott in Washington has ended, as boycotts usually do, without injury to its object. The attempt of the European Ambassadors to ignore the new diplomatic representative of Mexico was not well considered, and the people of Washington did not permit it to be successful. The pretext offered was not accepted. Everybody knew that the families of the European Ambassadors objected to the admission of Señor Aspiroz and his family to the Ambassadorial circle, not because he had been the prosecutor of the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, but because they considered Mexico an insignificant country, and scarcely of sufficient importance to justify the appointment of an Ambassador at Washington. Furthermore, Señor Aspiroz, like President Diaz, is an Indian of Aztec features and complexion.

When it became known that the European Ambassadors had decided that they could not receive the Aspiroz family on terms of equality, Secretary Hay and other officials of the Government, and many of the leading society people of Washington, expressed their dissent by showing them special attentions. This was a surprise to the Ambassadors, who are fully aware of their social importance, and expected that their example would be followed, as usual, by everybody in the inner circle

The sympathy shown by the American officials was thoroughly appreciated by Señor and Señora Aspiroz, who conducted themselves during the trying ordeal with great dignity. They determined to put the issue to a test, and sent out invitations for a dinner at the Mexican Embassy Each of the Ambassadors was invited so far in advance that he was left no opportunity to decline because of previous engagements. No invitations were sent to the Austrian or Belgian Legation, because there have never been any social relations between them and the Mexican Legation since the execution of Maximilian, for he was an Austrian, and Carlotta, who is now confined in a private insane asylum near Brussels, is a sister of King Leopold. Every member of the diplomatic corps who was invited promptly sent his acceptance, and the dinner was a great success

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Kirkpatrick Brice, second son of the late Senator Brice, has found his career in China. At the time of his death last fall, Senator Brice was directing the construction of a railway between Hankow and Canton, China, a distance of nine hundred miles through the most densely settled portion of the Empire. The preliminary survey has been made, the line has been located and the work of construction has been commenced at both of the termini The capital is furnished by one of the wealthiest syndicates ever organized. It includes representatives of all of the large financial combinations of this country: the Goulds, the Morgans, the Vanderbilts, the Standard Oil people and the Sugar Trust are all represented in it.

At the outbreak of the war "Kirk" Brice was at Hongkong with a party of surveyors. He volunteered by cable, and was appointed Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of General Merritt, with whom he returned to this country. He has now decided to go back to China and remain there permanently, taking an active part in the construction and management of the railway. Young Mr. Brice is a graduate of Harvard, and for two years was a teacher at St. Paul's preparatory school at Concord, Massachusetts.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post.

The undersigned (or rather his wife, a native American) is a subscriber to your valuable paper. The article by Robert Barr, entitled "My Travels and Troubles in the Orient," interested me very much, not simply as an amusing sketch, but because of its truthful, graphic depiction of life in the Orient. It puts the relation between the unspeakable and yet miserably obsequious Turk and the American or the British citizen in Turkey in its true light.

On the part of the writer of the article under consideration there seems to be neither a tendency to wheedling nor a despicable hampering of the dirk-handling, truculent and tricky Turk, nor an inclination toward exaggeration for the sake of dramatic portrayal. I have written the last sentence advisedly, as several well-known American travelers in the Orient, like Professor Grosvenor, of Dartmouth College, and Hopkinson Smith and others, in giving the public the results of their observations, have portrayed either the official or the private Turk in such a color as to give the average American the idea that, after all," the Turks are not so black as they make 'em."

Mr Robert Barr is brave enough to draw a veritable picture of the Turk. I am a native of the land he speaks of, though nine years ago I renounced all allegiance to "the Great Assassin" that occupies the throne of Constantine the Great, and am proud to say that I claim Uncle Samuel as my foster father. I have spent nineteen years in the country of my birth—Turkish Armenia—hence I know whereof I am talking when I speak of the article in question

All honor to the lion-hearted, back-boned Captains of our glorious men-of-war cruising in the Mediterranean waters, who are American enough to defend the rights of the American citizens living in Turkey, and who bravely declare to the Mayors of the sea-coast cities that, although they themselves do not talk Turkish worth a cent, their fire-spouting guns can t[illegible]

HAIG ATAMO[illegible]
Pastor Second Congregational Church
Plymouth, Massachusetts.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The editorial, At the Threshold of a New Age, gives pause for sober thought. Is peace, then, wearisome and unprofitable, fitted only to life's baser uses? Is war to be credited with the doubtful good of being the great promoter of death? Death is everywhere. It comes in awful misery in fire, flood and cyclone. The electric motor furnishes more victims than the Spanish War. The colliding ocean steamer outdoes many battles. Does not the continuance of war prove that the world is still on civilization a threshold?

Those on the mountain-tops, above the smoke of battle, see only the shadow cast by the dawning glory of that age of peace and good-will heralded by the coming of the Man of Galilee.

Are there lowlands of serene degeneracy to him who sees?

Is not Life, fever fresh struggling, mystical, tragical, persistently calling on truest art and noblest literature for adequate expression?

IRENE EVANS.
Williamsburg, Iowa.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post

The editorial, Is Civilization Really Worth While? has agitated my mind to some extent while endeavoring to solve this little difficulty. At first thought I was inclined toward the affirmative, but on scrutinizing every detail I became uncertain as to the most probable side of the question.

Now, if a moral civilization is referred to in the article, its validity then would remain indisputable, for it is an essential obligation which all nations must embrace to be truly civilized as it is the foundation upon which laws are instituted

If, moreover, the subject refers to a material civilization, the difficulty now bobs forth and keeps me in suspense, for a material without a moral civilization is like a house without a foundation, and all efforts in promoting it would prove vain Thus it is evident that material civilization, extended to the Filipinos, a large percentage of whom still worship idols, would not be worth while.

JOHN G. ZARUK
Chicago, Illinois.

The Life Lesson of the Seasons

By ALEXANDER McKENZIE, D.D.

IN THIS fair springtime we feel the beauty of the words in which many great poets have expressed their admiration of that which is called Nature. There is no book in which the appreciation of Nature is more manifest than it is in the Bible. The Hebrew writers knew its grandeur and charm, and their writings abound in imagery drawn from the world and worlds about them

In modern times we have learned many things of stars and trees, clouds and sunshine, birds and flowers, but we have found nothing of more value to the scholar and to the child than the thoughts with which the old writers regarded the outer world. In their pages Nature is revealed, and with a thinner veil than she wears in other places. No words of science are grander than the first verse of Genesis: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." With all the vast reaches of scientific study the essential principles of that early and anonymous record remain. It has at times been narrowly interpreted, but under a later and broader understanding it abides as the amazing account of events which had their place before there was a man to observe them. There is no greater puzzle in literature than the origin of the story of the creation How could any one have known in those primeval days that which comes now as the word of science, that the first living and moving creature was a fish?

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There is in astronomical annals nothing more sublime than the nineteenth Psalm, wherein the shepherd poet hears the heavens declaring the glory of their Maker. No finer use has been made of shining stars and rushing planets than he made when he desired that the words of his mouth and the meditations of his heart should be as constant as the ways of the stars in their courses. The same method is found in the New Testament. Our Lord was fond of the open country around Nazareth. He taught an out-of-door Gospel, and in it gave a place to lilies and sparrows, to trees with their spreading branches, and to harvests of golden grain rejoicing in the sunshine. The sensitive ear catches the sound of the wind as we walk with Christ over the fields and along the roads of Galilee

There is a fine saying in one of the old Biblical writers: "He hath made everything beautiful in its time; also He hath set eternity in their hearts." Then, as now, there was great beauty in the seasons. The winter is beautiful, with the ground covered with crystals, the bracing air, the long evenings, the ample time for work. Spring is beautiful, with its singing birds, its opening buds, its rising grass, and all the returning life. Summer is beautiful when

"The heaven tires the earth if it be in tire,
And over it softly her warm ear la

And autumn with its yellow fields, its fruitful trees and the leaves fading into splendor. If we look above we face the rising and setting sun, the swinging planets, Orion with its bands, and the Pleiades with their "sweet influences."

We find similar periods in the life of man, which has its beautiful seasons: infancy with its innocence, childhood with its promise, youth and its ambitions, manhood with its vigor. Then come the fuller years, with their large memories and rewards

"And that which should accompany old age,
As honor love, obedience, troops of friends."

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To the good man life is beautiful, with its strength and wealth, its opportunity and accomplishment; and with all that is sad even death itself is beautiful, with its enlargement, when the soul breaks from the body, which has both helped and hindered it, and the dissolving tent sets the spirit free in the power of an endless life. A great English preacher wished one word of triumph upon his tomb: "The trumpet shall sound"

The course of Providence is beautiful, so far as we can discern it, with the training it gives us, with its order and justice, with the patience and fidelity by which all things are made to work together for good "To everything there is a season," the bold writer said. A time to be born and a time to enter a larger life; a time for planting, then one for reaping as we have sown; a time for holding and a later time for giving; a time for silence and for meditation, and a time for telling our neighbors that which we have learned in quietness. There is a wonderful beauty and order in the life of man as it is arranged by the Creator, and in the world where the life has its place.

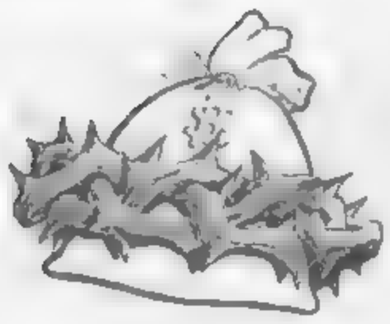
There are mysteries everywhere; within us and about us We are baffled when we try

"To w n the secret of a weed's plain heart"

But the great things are plain We understand the world well enough to get the good of it. We know enough of duty to do it, and enough of all the to-morrows to be ready for them. It is in this same old Book which admires Nature and discerns the eternity in the heart of man that we come upon this splendid conclusion "This is the end of the matter; all hath been heard: fear God, and keep His

Editor's Note—This is number three in the Post's series of Open-Air Sermons which will be published during the summer months. Those which have already appeared are

The Matterhorn and Calvary, by Amory H Bradford, May 20
The Mountain-Top View, by James O. K. McClure, June 10



THE GROWN MAN'S LAW

By Vance Thompson

With Pictures by Sarah Crosby

IT WAS like the shield in the old fable to the little children, who peered up at it from beneath. it was the law, dark and cruel and monstrous, but to those who looked down upon it from above it was a bright and silver charity

And so the Children's Society had its friends—gentle women and kind old men, who gave money to it with both hands They saw the good it did. They read in the newspapers touching stories of the waifs it rescued from the dark alleys and swarming slums of the great city. In aiding it they felt they were doing something to make the world better—and make themselves worthier. It was not without a touch of pride that, in passing, they would glance up at the stately granite building in which the Children's Society was housed—splendidly housed, for in these generous days the gentle spirit of charity has palaces of her own And the great city was very proud of this particular charity. It had dowered it with millions of money, and granted it powers as broad as the law could make them. The Society had hundreds of men to do its work men who labored faithfully, and were determined that the children of the great city should be saved in spite of themselves. The agents of charity went out into highways and byways and compelled them—these frightened waifs—to come in

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Seen from above, it was a charity that shone like silver. There was something splendid in its philanthrops

Seen from beneath—ah! there are two sides to every shield! The poor could not understand it. They were told it was charity, and yet it went hand in hand with the policeman. It came down into the dark and noisy tenement, where some poor woman starved with her children; it came not to aid her but to take from her all she had the little ones It took them and kept them her children

Hidden away in the stately granite palace they were as dead to her as though the grave had shut on them. Perhaps the thought that they would be schooled and fed should have consoled her; perhaps she should have been thankful that they were rescued from the foul, cold tenement; but a mother's heart has a logic of its own

And so in the dark quarters of the city, where the poor hive together, there grew up a monstrous fear of this cold, white charity that seemed so pitiless and implacable. The Society! It was a word of dread in every tenement. The mothers hated it with a fierce, blind hatred. The children feared it as a thief fears the law

It was like a threatening cloud over their little lives. They told each other strange stories of what happened to the children who were "taken" by the Society. Now and then a venturesome boy escaped and came back to the tenement—as much a hero as though he had escaped from the mines of Siberia. More and more the children came to look upon life as a battle to be waged against two unrelenting enemies—hunger and the Society. Hunger they knew, and they feared it less than the unknown enemy

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"Ye'll not let 'em take her, Eddie?

'Never, mudder," he said; "not on yer life."

He thrust his hands into his ragged pockets and squared his little shoulders

"An' ye'll never leave her, Eddie?"

"Don't ye fear not'in', mudder," Eddie replied sturdily; "I'll take care of de kid all right, all right—won't I, Kidsey?"

Maggielooz was sitting on the foot of her mother's bed—a small, solemn girl, not very clean, and rather ragged. She looked thoughtfully at her brother

"We'll take care of each udder—see!" she said at last. "Ain't we always done it?"

"Ain't she a good un, mudder?" said the small boy approvingly "Ain't she turro-bred?—say!"

He smiled cheerfully at Maggiel z and stooped and kissed his mother

Now ye brace up, mudder," he went on, "an' I'll chase de doctor round here again ter night—see! But now I got ter hustle. I'm goin' ter Harlem fer de Dutchman—dere's a dime in it, sure."

He went out and closed the door softly but they could hear his shrill, defiant whistle as he clattered down the steep stairs of the tenement to the street. It was late in the evening when he returned, this laboring man of ten, and he jingled a pocket full of coppers with the air of one who has had a good day There was no light in the little room. The darkness and the silence frightened him

"Mudder," he said, as he groped his way to the bed—but hers was a voice he would never hear again When he felt her cold hands and face, he knew Young as he was he had seen death many times for he lived in a world where the curtains are never drawn and where all that is good and all that is evil are open to the day. And yet his first thought was one of fear—a nameless, awful fear, then his sorrow broke upon him, and he flung himself on the bed and kissed the cold face and wept terribly—like a man and not a child He did not know how long he had lain there perhaps a few moments, perhaps an hour when he thought of his sister

Maggielooz

He called her name again and again in the darkness. There was no answer Then he crept to the door and peered out in the hall He dared hardly think of it—if he had come too late; if the Society had "taken" her He ran swiftly across the hall to Mrs Jensen's room and burst open the door. The light dazzled him, and it was a moment before he could see, and in that time Maggieloos had her arms around him and was sobbing on his neck

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"Ye poor little things," said Mrs. Jensen gently. "There, there—sit down here Gripsey; let him be fer a bit, Maggie; don't worrit him

I—I—t'ought she was gone said the boy at last

'I was going to stop ye before ye went in—there," said Mrs. Jensen, "but I didn't hear ye go up."

I went up quiet," he said "I t'ought she might be sleepin'." He broke down again, but Mrs. Jensen roused him with rough kindness

That ain't no way fer ye to go on, Gripsey," she said, "an' nobody left ter take care of Maggieloos but

That's right, Mis' Jensen Gripsey said after he had choked down his sobs. He stood up and looked around as though he were trying to collect his thoughts. Mrs Jensen's own children—there were six of them—were huddled in one corner, watching him with frightened curiosity

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Maggieloos crept close and put her hand in his

'Ye poor things!" Mrs Jensen exclaimed. "Ye poor little things! I'd keep ye here but ye know what Jensen is."

Yerzum," said Gripsey slowly, his mind was already busy with the new problem

Was Fodder Burke here he asked after a pause— when—when it happened?

"Yes, he come in time," said Mrs. Jensen 'an' I was there, an Maggieloos was all there' She paused a moment: "An' the mission lady—her that gave Maggieloos the coat las' year—she come in afterward

Mrs. Jensen went on hesitatingly: "An' she said, 'Oh, them poor orphins—I must let the Society know at once,' she says. I don't know how soon they'll come—so I brought Maggieloos in here—so they wouldn't get her till ye come"

Gripsey set his little jaw hard, and his eyes shone resolutely through the tears

"I'll take her ter me frien's," he said hurriedly, "an' when de agents come, tell 'em we's gone ter our folks—se

'Oh, I don't know——'

"Yes, yes," Gripsey broke in excitedly, "dey's uptown—git yer hat, Maggieloos Good-night, Mis' Jensen—we got ter go at once, or it'll be too late ter wake 'em up Where's yer hat?"

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"It's in there," said Mrs. Jensen: "I'll get it

No," said Gripsey, "we'll get it, me an' Maggieloos. Good by, Mis' Jensen."

He drew his sister out into the hall

Now come quick," he whispered as he opened the door of what had been their home Here he paused

"Ye ain't afraid, is ye, Kidsey?" he asked

No," said the little girl "I ain't afraid of mudder"

"Den be quick," he said

The room was all in darkness save for the light that came faintly through the dingy window—a reflection of the electric light in the avenue. The children went hand in hand to the bed

"Kiss her good by," said Gripsey

Don't cry so it might hear ye

He laid his lips on the poor wasted face of the dead woman and whispered something—a promise that perhaps was heard somewhere and understood. Then he helped Maggieloos to put on her jacket, and found her hat for her. They closed the door and ran down the dark stairs to the street

Now go easy," he said, "an' don't give verself away. Ye can never tell when dere's an agent watchin' ye

Where are we goin'?" asked Maggieloos

'We got ter carry de banner ter-night," said Gripsey, "but I'll fix ye all right ter morrow

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It was a warm spring evening, the air soft with unshed rain. The sidewalks were thronged with those who lounged abroad to take the air. The children made their way as swiftly as they could along the crowded street. Where the lights shone brightest, Gripsey—for no one but his mother had ever called him Eddie—threw back his head and whistled defiantly. It was his fashion to look danger in the face. As they crossed Canal Street he nodded with an air of friendly patronage to a big policeman, and remarked, "Hello, Hogan; how're dey runnin'?"

The policeman laughed. "Ye're growin' up ye are that, Gripsey," he said Ye'll be callin' me Mike next."

Hogan's me frien'," Gripsey explained to his sister

They crossed into a tangle of dark streets that lay like a net along the river. The tenements were fewer. On all sides the storehouses shouldered each other. They met few passers by. At last they came out on the docks

"Dat un's no good," said Gripsey, pointing to the huge dock that stretched in front of them "Dere's a watchman on dat un but dere's a place down here dat I found once—come on" He led the way out on one of the older piers, against which an empty barge rocked with the tide. At the far end was a battered little shed that had once been used, doubtless, for tools and cables and the odds and ends of the barges There was no door, but the shed was dry The children crept in and huddled down in a corner

Gripsey heaved a sigh of relief

"So far we's all right," he said "Ye ain't frightened, Kidsey?"

The little girl was crying softly on his shoulder

"I was thinkin' of her dere—all alone in de dark," she said. "We run away from her, Gripsey"

"Naw we didn't," he answered, and there was a fund of comfort in his manly little voice "We done jus' as mudder tol' me If ye'd 'a' stayed dere dey'd 'a' got ye an' den wot 'u'd I done, Kidsey? Ain't I goin' ter take care of ye, Kidsey?" he added after a pause.

"Yes"

"Did mudder say anythin'?"

"First she did," Maggieloos whispered, "first she tol' me all about when she was a girl in de country where she come from, an she said we was ter go back dere

I don't see how we kin," said Gripsey mustingly. "Mudder was always talkin' dat way, but wot could I do in de country? Say! I ain't no farmer—I couldn't earn a livin' nohow."

She said we'd go back where she come from an' de Society couldn't get us, an' she said dey was all white people in de country——

Dat's all right," Gripsey said; "I guess all people's all right if ye know 'em right; but, say—wot 'u'd I do dere? I wouldn't know enough ter eat grass. An' den," he added softly, "we can't go anyhow, fer we've got her here, ain't we? An' we ain't goin' ter leave her, is we, Kidsey

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He drew the sobbing child close to him, and covered her as well as he could with his ragged jacket, and held her and soothed her until, after a long while, she fell into a troubled sleep. But Gripsey did not sleep. He gazed through the open door out on the river, where the lights of the steamers and ferry-boats flickered redly, and at the lights that glittered far away on the heights of the New Jersey shore

That was the "country"—that wonderful land of which his mother had spoken so often; vaguely he knew it was a world of flowers and sunlight and swaying trees when people came to live in the city—like his mother—and were sad evermore. As long as he could remember his mother had always said, "When we go back to the country"—that "when." Everything was to be happy then, they were to escape the two great enemies—hunger and the Society—"when they went back to the country."

And there lay the country—just across the river, behind the steep bluffs, where the lights shone—over there, under the stars. Into the dark little mind of the waif there came a picture, dim but beautiful, of what the country—this strange, unknown land must be. It was a mirage of happiness, and very vague as are the mirages that we all see when we look across the dark river into the unknown land.

Gripsey did not think; his mind had been trained to take in only a few thoughts—how to sell his newspapers, how to get bread and pay the rent, and, above all, how to thwart his implacable enemy, the Society—and he felt rather than thought that his one object in life must be to reach the country. Death had taken his mother; that he could understand. There was another power that could rob him of Maggieloos, but if they could reach the country they would escape it

The arm on which Maggieloos lay was cramped and aching, and Gripsey drew it gently away and shifted his position. The little girl slept fitfully, and Gripsey covered her head with his coat and soothed her

"Women has got ter have their way" he said to himself. "I'll take her

Then his mind fumbled around the definite problem he had to face

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Gripsey did not know just how far he could trust Hogan. To be sure, Hogan was his friend, but then he was a policeman, and Gripsey knew that it was his duty to aid the Society. In fact, the Society was as far above Hogan as Hogan was above him. It was something dark and terrible that one could hide from but that not even the policeman dare affront

As soon as it was broad day Gripsey had taken Maggieloos to one of the open air

YE'LL NOT LET 'EM TAKE HER, EDDIE?"

coffee-stands—a charity, this, that he could understand—and they had breakfasted for a cent apiece. The fear that his enemies were lying in wait for him at every corner was so strong upon him that he dared not take Maggielooz with him when he set out for the tenement that had been their home. Nor dared he leave her in the streets.

Then, fortunately, he remembered Fresco. Fresco was a friend of his who had a job on the Belt Line cars—those old-fashioned cars that jog around the lower part of the city. He found this friend's car was just about to set out on its first trip. Fresco was inside, setting his register.

"Say, Fresk," Gripsey asked, "will ye do me a favor? Dis is me sister, Miss Maggielooz"—he drew forward the pale and solemn little girl—"she ain't feelin' very well dis mornin' an' I t'ought ye'd give her a ride."

"Sure," said the conductor.

"If ye'll bring her all de way back I'll meet ye here."

"Sure—or she can wait in the barns," Fresco replied cordially. "Set down anywhere, Miss."

Maggielooz slipped into a corner seat; she did not know what Gripsey intended to do, but she trusted him—was he not the man of the family? He jumped off as the car started, and hastened toward his old home.

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As he drew near he glanced around with something of the cunning of an Indian who walks amid ambushes. He feared that at any moment as he turned a corner he might fall into the hands of his enemy. He skulked around into Norfolk Street, taking the side of the street opposite the tenement. He hid in a doorway and watched. He saw Father Burke—he knew him by his black coat and big shoulders—come down and walk rapidly away in the other direction.

At last he saw the Jensen boy come out, look up and down the street, and then sit down on the step. Gripsey summoned him with a peculiarly shrill whistle. The Jensen boy was about Gripsey's age, but he was dull and slow-witted.

"Hain't dey got yous yet?" he asked as he came across the street and stood looking at Gripsey with curiosity and admiration.

"No," said Gripsey shortly.

"De mission lady's dere," said the Jensen boy, "an' she says dey'll get ye. Wot ye done wid Maggielooz?"

"Have dey bin dere?" Gripsey asked, nodding toward the tenement.

"Dey was dis mornin'," said the Jensen boy slowly. "I guess dey is layin' fer ye."

In the brisk man who came smartly around the corner Gripsey recognized one of the agents for the Society. Now that Maggielooz was in safety he did not care so much; it would take more than one agent to catch him, he was sure. Yet it was not without a tremor that he watched his enemy approach.

There was something in the businesslike way that the agent came toward him that began to tell on his nerves.

"Fodder Burke was dere," the Jensen boy went on—for he was interested in this tenement tragedy—"an' dey took yer mudder away."

"Away! Took her away!" Gripsey gasped; then a realization of what it meant came to him and he clenched his hands to keep from crying aloud.

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"Ye didn't think dey'd take her so soon?" the Jensen boy asked sympathetically.

Gripsey shook his head.

"Hist!" his friend cried suddenly.

Gripsey looked up. The agent was coming directly toward him—there could be no question of that; for a moment he hesitated; then he ran—fiercely as a man runs for his life. The Jensen boy watched him approvingly until he was out of sight, and then facing the enemy he said with a slow snarl: "Gar'n, ye can't tech me—I got a fodder an' mudder," and lounged coolly across the street.

Gripsey was still running as he crossed Canal Street. Hogan caught him by the shoulder and swung him around.

"Say, where ye chasin' yerself ter?" he asked with gruff kindness.

"Nowhere," said Gripsey, still panting from his run.

"Well, the Dutchman's askin' for ye. I told him I'd give ye the office."

"Well, ain't dat where I'm goin'?" Gripsey asked angrily.

"Ye're a nice little rooster, ye are, this mornin'," said Hogan; "go on wid ye."

The Dutchman kept a bakery in the basement of one of the old-fashioned stone houses that time had turned into tenements. He was a good-natured old German who did a small but profitable business in the black bread and queer little Old Country cakes. He and Gripsey were friends. Indeed, he had done Gripsey many a good turn, and the boy did his errands and supplied him with the German newspapers.

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The bell of the little shop rang as Gripsey pushed open the door and went in. The baker was sitting behind the counter reading, while his wife, who was quite as good-natured and quite as stout, but far more energetic, bustled about in the rear of the shop.

"Vy, hullo, Krepsey; vee gates?" the baker asked.

"Hullo, Dutch," said Gripsey, standing very erect in order to look over the counter. "Hogan said ye wanted ter see me."

"Vell, he's a fine man, Mr. Hogan," said the baker; "I vant you go after by Fisher undt tell him gif you dot yeast."

He got slowly out of his chair and waddled to the money-drawer. "You gif Fisher dot two dollars I owe him," he added, pushing two greasy banknotes toward the boy.

"Where do I come in?" Gripsey asked, taking the money and thrusting it deep down in his pocket.

"I gif you fife cents," said the baker, smiling down on the youngster; "you be quvick."

Gripsey decided he would have time to do the errand before Maggielooz could have made the round trip on the Belt Line. He had but to cross Canal Street again. Hogan was still at his post, but he was not alone. He was talking—arguing with that brisk, businesslike man, the agent of the Society.

Gripsey turned like a flash and ran. He dodged among the carts and delivery wagons and streets cars, and never paused until he came to the river. Fresco's car had not yet reached the stables. It was the next car due, and he waited with a fever of impatience. At last it came in sight, and Gripsey ran to meet it, and swung himself on the rear platform. The car was almost empty. Maggielooz was sitting in the corner—the same pale and solemn little figure—in the same attitude as an hour before.

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"Are ye all right, Kidsey?" the boy asked. "Dat's right—don't worry; dey ain't nothin' ter chew de rag about. Say," he leaned over and whispered, "ye's right—ye know wot mudder said—we's goin' ter de country. Jes' ye wait."

"Ye're growin' up, ye are that, Gripsey," he said. "Ye'll be callin' me Mike next"

He joined the conductor on the platform.

"Yous goin' on down ter de ferry, Fresk?" he asked.

"Yep," replied his friend.

"I'll go wid ye," Gripsey said. "Say, I ain't got time ter blow ye off dis mornin', so——"

He put his hand in the pocket of his ragged little jacket and brought up a handful of coppers; he counted them carefully—there were thirteen.

"Say, you're fixed," said the conductor, laughing.

Gripsey counted out five pennies and offered them to his friend.

"Dere's me fare," he said.

"Stick that back in your pocket," said Fresco, "or I'll bat your cheeky little head."

"If ye don't ring up me fare," retorted Gripsey, "I'll report yous—sure. What ye done fer me sister, Miss Maggielooz, is all right—she's a lady—but I pays."

"You're a bird, Gripsey," said the conductor, and he dropped the pennies in his pocket and rang up the fare.

"I got ter go an' see some frien's over in Joisey—in de country," Gripsey explained to his friend as the car jogged on to the ferry. But he said nothing more. Of course Fresco was his friend, but Gripsey did not know just how far he could trust even his friends; Fresco knew Hogan, and there was no telling what might happen; he felt that the race of grown-up people—even his friends—were in league with his enemy.

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At the ferry he helped Maggielooz out, and with a friendly "So-long!" to Fresco he led the way into the ferry-house. Maggie followed him closely, one hand gripping the edge of his jacket. At the barrier of the ticket-office Gripsey did as the others did.

"Joisey—two," he said.

"Ferry? Six cents."

He paid the six cents, and he and Maggielooz entered the waiting-room. The little girl—for Maggielooz was not quite nine—followed her brother with quiet faith. He was Gripsey; that was enough. When the doors of the ferry-boat were opened they went on with the crowd. They took seats side by side in the women's cabin.

"Ye ain't frightened?" Gripsey asked.

Maggielooz shook her head—she dared not speak for fear she should break down; she was very rigid and quiet, but the tears were not far away. During that long, lonely ride she had had only one thing to think of—the dark room in the tenement that had been her home. In some way Gripsey seemed to understand her thoughts. He reached out and took one of her little grimy hands in his and held it fast.

"Dey took her away," he whispered, "like—like fodder."

She nodded understandingly.

"An' now dey's on'y ye an' me," he went on, speaking softly in her ear, "an' we's goin' ter de country—where dey can't take us, never—see!"

In spite of all she could do the tears came into her eyes.

"Don't cry, Kidsey," he urged; "dey's a lady watchin' ye—wait—till we get in de country."

The little girl drove back the tears as best she could, while Gripsey sat up very straight and pretended to see nothing. The ferry-boat was well out in the stream before he noticed it was really moving. It seemed only a few moments before the people rose to go out.

"'Scuse me, Miss," Gripsey said to one of the passengers; "is this Joisey?"

"This is Jersey City," the woman answered, kindly looking down at the little fellow; "is that what you mean?"

"Yezzum," Gripsey said again and pulled politely at his cap.

"It's Joisey," he added in a whisper. "Come on, Kidsey."

Perhaps no one can tell exactly what Gripsey expected to see—it may be he expected to step out into the mirage he had seen the night before over the darkling river—a world of trees and flowers and sunlight and birds. He and Maggielooz followed the crowd through long wooden sheds on which a sudden spring rain pattered, into a huge bright room that was larger than any they had ever seen before. There were many people, many seats, a confusing number of doors.

Gripsey was surprised and frightened; he began to realize how monstrous and difficult the world is when one is far from his own particular Canal Street. Had it not been for Maggielooz he would have gladly run away from this new life—back to the Grown Man's Law, back to hunger and to the streets he knew. The news-stand caught his eye. There was something friendly about the look of the newspapers. They were part of his every-day life. He accosted the boy with the cap who stood inside the stand.

"Say, hullo," he said; "how far's de country?"

"Hain't dey got yous yet?" he asked as he came across the street and stood looking at Gripsey with curiosity and admiration

"Wot are ye givin' us?" the other boy asked sharply.

"Me an' me sister—Miss Maggielooz—come over from N'Yawk ter see de country," Gripsey explained.

"So ye're from N'Yawk?"

"Yep—did ye think we was farmers? We was goin' ter de country—how far is it?"

"Where d'ye want ter go?"

"Anywhere," said Gripsey, "so it's de country."

The newsboy pondered.

"Say, why don't ye go ter Nooark? It's a fine place fer a trip—I bin dere. Den ye take de trolley an', say, ye got country to burn."

"T'anks," said Gripsey.

"Ye get yer ticket over dere," the boy with the cap added, pointing to a window covered with a brass net. "Ye'll get de express in twenty minutes."

Gripsey thanked his friend and then he and Maggielooz went and sat down in a corner of the waiting-room. His rugged little face was dark with trouble. He understood now that the country was far away, and that to reach there he must have tickets—and money. He found two cents in the pocket of his jacket.

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Suddenly he remembered—he thrust his hand deep into his trousers pocket and drew out the two dollars the baker had given him. He unrolled the bills and looked at them. Little by little a great temptation fastened on him. He had money—a great deal of money; more than he had ever had before; he could go anywhere he pleased; he could reach that far-away country where the Law of the Grown Man did not run; where boys and girls did just as they pleased and were happy under the trees. If he should take it! Of course he had never done anything of the kind; he had seen what came to the boys who did that sort of thing; but here there was no Hogan, no Society——

Gripsey looked at his little sister. She was nestled in the seat dozing; her eyes were closed, but there were tears on her cheeks, and she sighed now and then in her half-sleep. He glanced up, for it seemed as if every one in that huge waiting-room was looking at him. No one was noticing him. Perhaps no little brain ever fought so hard with a problem.

He did not know what he wanted to do. At one moment he thought of the baker—what would the Dutchman say? And Hogan? And Fresco? And Mrs. Jensen? He knew what they said when Murty Deenan was taken away, and Murty only stole a dollar. And then he knew what his mother had told him—never a cent of anybody's money; he had promised her that again and again. But he had promised her something else—to take care of Maggielooz. What could he do; oh, what could he do! He had got far beyond thought, and these words were singing themselves into his brain. Oh, what could he do! His little hand was clenched tight on the money—his hard little jaw was set like a vise.

"Say, are ye goin' ter t'row a fit?"

It was the newsboy; Gripsey started at the voice and looked up scowling.

"There's yer train if ye're goin' ter Nooark," the boy said.

Gripsey jumped up with a sudden determination; he dragged Maggieloos to her feet and almost ran to the ticket office.

"Nooark—two," he said shortly, thrusting the greasy bills through the barred window. And then—he could not understand it—something seemed to snap and sparkle in his brain, like a star; a fierce impulse lifted him out of himself and he found himself shouting:

"Gimme de money; give it ter me. 'Tain't mine; give it ter me. Let me out of dis. I'm goin' back to N'Yawk. Gimme it." And when the money was once more in his hand he trembled so he could hardly find his pocket.

"Come on, Maggieloos; let me out of here; we're goin' back ter N'Yawk." He dragged her through the crowd toward the door by which they had entered. A few people turned to watch the ragged little pair, but most of the passengers hurried on to catch their trains.

The boy from the news-stand came up and grinned in Gripsey's face in a friendly way.

"Say, ye ain't no farmer, are ye?" he said. "What's de matter wid ye?"

Gripsey ran his hand over his eyes; then he doubled up his hard little fist and struck himself a blow on the jaw.

"Dere," he muttered, "dat's one fer ye." Gripsey heaved a big breath. "Say; wot's de way ter little ol' N'Yawk?"

"Ye get de ferry over dere," said the newsboy. "But say——"

"So-long," said Gripsey abruptly. Then to Maggieloos he said gently: "We's goin' back, but don't ye be frightened; dey ain't goin' ter take yous away from me—see!"

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Gripsey had found a little of his old masterful self; at the ticket-office of the ferry he said bluntly: "Dere's a dollar—see! And dere's a cent. Yous take five cents outen de dollar an' gimme two tickets ter N'Yawk." And when they were once more aboard the ferry-boat he rolled up the change in the other dollar bill and jammed it far down in his pocket. The Dutchman had promised him five cents; that was his—he could earn it; the rest belonged to the Dutchman. He still had one cent of his own. He got a cake of chocolate from the slot-machine and gave it to Maggieloos.

It was late in the afternoon, and a drizzling rain was falling when the two children stumbled down the stairs into the basement where the Dutchman sat, drowsing behind the counter.

The little girl—too tired to cry, and then, all her tears were shed—sank down on the floor in a little wet heap. Gripsey stood on tiptoes and banged the money down on the counter, and gasped, "Dere's yer money, Dutch—dere's yer money, Dutch."

Then his face fell on the counter and a gust of sobs shook his little body to and fro like a rag. The baker got slowly out of his chair, but long before he could find any words his wife had swept down and gathered Maggieloos in her arms and carried her into the back room, where there was a fire, and was rubbing the cold little hands and kissing the little pale face, and whispering all sorts of endearing German words. And when after a long time Gripsey had been prevailed upon to tell his story, the old baker said slowly:

"Vell, you vas a fine poy, aind't it? Vot I always saidt. Vot you go rampagin' roundt dat way? You undt dot Maggieloos stay here, undt dere aind't no Society take you—I don't tink. Vy," he added, putting a big slice of sausage on Gripsey's plate, for they were now at supper, "der Society don't vant no goot childer like you—aind't it, mutter?—dey be glad you has a goot home like dis."

And so it was.

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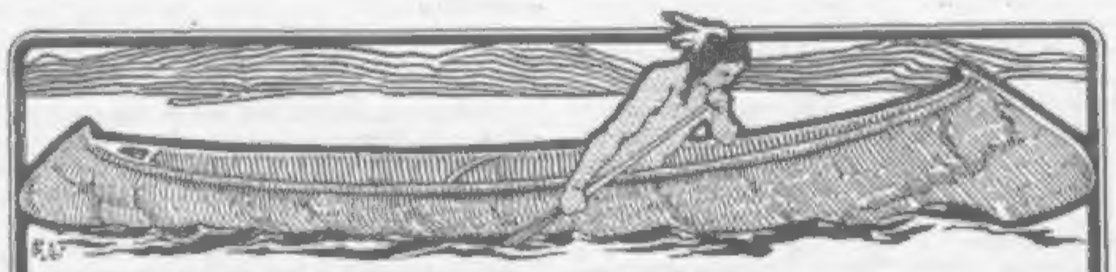

IN THE LAND OF EVANGELINE

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

FROM Normandy, Picardy and Brittany, for the most part, they seem to have come, these French of Acadia, whose peculiar sorrows have won them so conspicuous a place in romance and history. A few scant and scattered immigrations, beginning under such leaders as Champlain, the Sieur de Monts, and that adventurous noble, De Poutrincourt, fostered by Denys, De Razilly, and the notable De la Tours, so struck root and flourished in the kindly soil of what is now Nova Scotia, that at the time of their greatest prosperity, just before their dispersion, the Acadians numbered between eighteen and twenty thousand.

The Acadians were a self-centred people, of intense local feeling, devoted to their own *Belle Acadie*. In New France, in the intrigues of Quebec, in the fluctuating fortunes of their countrymen in the St. Lawrence Valley, their interest was but tepid.

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To Old France—indeed, to the flag and the King—they would have been but sentimentally and harmlessly devoted had they been left to follow their own instincts. That obstinate adherence to France which wrought their ruin was but the disastrous product of French cajoleries and French threats. Desiring nothing so much as to be left to the enjoyment of the land of their love, the Acadians were cruelly used by fate. The opposing bulks of France and England were hurling themselves upon each other, with the Empire of the New World for a prize; and fate thrust the Acadians in between. Small wonder there was little left of them when the clash of giants was done.

The land which the Acadians so loved was worthy of their devotion, if varied charm of landscape, a soil exhaustlessly fertile, and a climate equable and benignant could make it so. They settled about the wonderful tide-waters of Annapolis Basin, Minas Basin, and Chignecto Bay, flooded and drained twice daily by the gigantic fluctuations of the Bay of Fundy. The age-long milling of these tides—which at the head of the bay have an extreme rise and fall of nearly fifty feet—overloads the waters with the finest silt, which is carried into every bordering valley, and there deposited at slack of tide.

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Thus every typical Acadian river winds seaward through wide levels of marsh. These marshes the Acadian dyke-builders reclaimed by miles of sodded sea-wall, reinforced by timbers wherever the depredation of the currents was most eager; and thus they found themselves possessed of hundreds of square miles of the choicest grass land in the world. Along the sunny, southwesterly slopes of the uplands skirting these marshes they trailed their long villages in quaint and picturesque simplicity.

The chief of these villages were at Grand Pré (the scene of Longfellow's Evangeline), Piziquid, Port Royal (now Annapolis Royal), and Beaubassin, on the Isthmus of Chignecto. On the isthmus, where the low neck of land joining Nova Scotia to New Brunswick permits the winds of Fundy and the winds of the gulf to storm back and forth unchecked, the climate is as austere in winter as that of New Hampshire or Vermont. But in the Annapolis Valley, sheltered by the long ramparts of North Mountain and South Mountain, spring comes so early that the arbutus may often be found while April is yet young; and autumn lingers so late that I have picked pansies in the gardens in December. The valley of the Five Rivers, where, under the guardian front of Blomidon, the streams of Piziquid, Gaspereau, Habitants, Canard, and Pereau empty their waters into the unquiet breast of Minas, is no less favored of the sun. It is a region where apples, pears, plums, grapes and all small fruits reach a scarcely rivaled perfection, and where peaches thrive on the southerly walls.

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The chief fruit among the Acadians was the apple, which they planted about all their villages, while currants and gooseberries made thickets in their gardens. For other fruit they could depend upon the countryside, where strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and cranberries abounded in their season. In the woods they found what was only to be found by skilled seekers, the most hauntingly delicious berry earth ever devised—the shy *capillaire*, hiding under its delicate matwork of vines.

Besides the apple trees, every Acadian village presented a conspicuous array of rounded willows and inflexibly erect Lombardy poplars. These trees, planted at regular intervals along the foot of the uplands, still stand like tall monuments to the ordered uniformity of Acadian life; while the willows, set so as to make sheltering windbreaks, still speak to us of the homely domesticity and comfort which they shielded.

In a typical Acadian village the single street ran parallel to the edge of the marshes, at a few feet above their level. Along this street as on a thread the cottages were closely beaded for perhaps a mile, or, as in the case of Grand Pré, for nearly three miles. About midway, as a rule, stood the purring and clanking forge, the centre of village politics and village gossip. A little higher up the slope, to emphasize its dominance, stood the chapel, a wide and low-roofed structure with a soaring spire, the real centre of authority in the village. The houses were small, usually of one story, with wide, flaring eaves, and whitewashed.

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From the main street a road ran off across the levels of the dyke-land to a wharf on the tidal river, which was sure to be not far distant. In fact, the Acadians lived and died with the rushing of wild tide-waters in their ears. About the wharf clustered the village fishing-boats, stranded high and dry throughout the ebb. These fishing-boats were used in the cod, pollock and alewife fisheries, and in "drifting" for shad; but the Acadians had other means of capturing the fish which swarmed in their threshold waters. Far out upon the flats beyond their dykes stood the black, staked barriers of the weirs, visited at ebb by creaking ox-carts drawing a long, dark trail across the shining mud.

The Acadians were most of them fishermen, but all farmers, save for the few restless spirits addicted to the fur trade, and coming and going with the Indians. The fur trade was not to the Acadians what it was to their fellows on the St. Lawrence, and it never got into their blood. They were homesteaders.

Upon their rich, dyked acres they grew chiefly hay, with sometimes wheat, rye, barley and oats. But hay was the staple of the marshes, and grain crops were confined to detached sections easily fenced apart; for after the hay was harvested it was customary to turn the cattle loose over the wide levels, to feed on the young, green aftermath.

The rounded slopes of the uplands, however, supplied ample space for the other crops. The flax made them blue as turquoise in the summer, the oats and barley yellowed them in early fall, and the rougher lots, full of hillocks and blackened stumps, were given over to the sturdy, sweet-flowered, bee-haunted buckwheat. On the uplands, too, were the pastures—the richer-soiled for the cows, the light and stony heights for the sheep.

The people living in these untroubled circumstances were in the main a glad-tempered folk, social in their instincts, frugal, industrious, simple-hearted, yet shrewd within their limits. They were very completely under the domination of their priests in great matters, but apt to be fractious in things trivial. Most of the homely virtues were theirs; but being much shut in upon themselves, they were liable to magnify small grievances, and hence were given to nursing their quarrels. They were litigious to an astonishing degree, a lawsuit over some petty difference often serving between neighbors as the interest and diversion of their lives. Their naive addiction to tale-bearing is a melancholy blot upon the record of their general amiability. Gossip, as was natural in their prosperous isolation, had to serve them in place of books, theatres, music; and the village forge was a place where village reputations were apt to suffer.

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Their general standard of morals, however, was high, and material charity was their rule in dealings with each other, as with the prisoners who fell into their tolerant hands. It must be admitted that under English sway their immensely increased prosperity was accompanied by a picturesque expansion of their delight in going to law. This is accounted for by the fact that they had so much more to go to law about.

The question of their neighbor's landmark became a burning one to the Acadians. The English Government forbade them to take up new lands, save with the hated accompaniment of an unqualified oath of allegiance to King George. They were thus driven to accommodate their swarming offspring by dividing and subdividing their farms into long strips, each abutting on the highway. And the multiplicity of fences was the opportunity of the lawyers.

The taunt of mixed blood has often been cast at the Acadians, but as a matter of fact, they kept their stock singularly pure. The immense majority of them were of the peasant or yeoman class, and among these intermarriage with the Indians was almost unknown. The few children born by Indian mothers to French fatherhood was usually absorbed by the Indians rather than by the French. Of course, there were exceptions, but not enough to impeach the purity of the Acadian stock.

These exceptions touched chiefly the families of the higher rank. Impoverished gentlemen adventurers, casting their lot with the fortunes of the new land, scorned the daughters of the peasantry, but were sometimes ready to take to wife the daughter of a Micmac, Melicite or Abenakis chief, and such alliances, though rare, were not deemed discreditable.

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The Acadians clothed themselves with the wool from their own sheep, the linen from their own flax fields, spun upon the big, brown spinning-wheels which hummed in every kitchen, and woven to fabrics coarse but strong on their clumsy, clacking looms. These cloths are still made in some of those remoter settlements where returned descendants of the exiles perpetuate the customs of their fathers. The heavy linen homespun is a most honest material, and bleaches to an agreeable creamy whiteness. The woolen homespun, called *étoffe*, is practically indestructible, and of such dense texture as to be almost waterproof.

The Acadians lived in their kitchens, roomy, low-ceiled, plasterless, warmly dark, wood-sheathed, with ample fireplace and scant window space.

Here the common occupations of the women folk, in the intervals of their routine housework, were the "hackling" of the steeped flax fibres, the carding of the wool in long, soft rolls, the spinning, knitting and weaving. For the finished fabrics they had some good dyes, for they loved color. A very soft greenish yellow, a low-toned blue, dull red, and some warm browns got from the oak bark were specially favored among them. Much of their woolen cloth, however, was in varying shades of gray, obtained by the blending of the wool of the white sheep with that of the black.

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The most characteristic article of the women's dress was the bleached linen cap of Norman fashion. This was worn by all but those few women of breeding who kept in touch with the modes of Quebec, and carefully avoided the more plebeian headdress. These wore caps or hats usually of beaver, and of patterns belatedly following those of Paris.

On her feet the Acadienne wore gay-colored stockings and either moosehide moccasins or the clumsier cowhide "larrigans," according to station and occasion. The finer moccasins, worn by men and women alike at dances and all merrymakings, were beautiful pieces of Indian work, tanned to a wonderful softness, and inwrought in quaint patterns with dyed porcupine quills. The oil-tanned "larrigans," for rough wear, were unlovely, but serviceable. They could keep out the water like a modern rubber boot, and they could effectually disguise the very smallest and shapeliest foot in all Acadia.

The Acadian woman's skirt was of dyed woolen cloth, and worn short—which was all very well except when her feet were clad in larrigans. Her girdle was of gayly

The little girl—too tired to cry, and then, all her tears were shed—sank down on the floor in a little wet heap. Gripsey stood on tiptoes and banged the money down on the counter, and gasped, "Dere's yer money, Dutch—dere's yer money, Dutch"

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bearded leather, bright knitted wool, or a silken kerchief bought from the trading schooners. Her bodice was close-fitting, and either of linen or woolen stuff, as the season might dictate.

The women so clad were commonly of short stature, swarthy-skinned, bright-eyed, piquantly attractive during their slim girlhood, but all too soon broadening out into a matronhood more comfortable than comely. Dowered with a natural gift for flirtation, their buoyancy was kept within bounds by early marriage and the curé's watchful eye.

The ordinary dress of the men consisted of shirt and breeches of the dark gray undyed homespun, leggins of the same material tied above the knee with bright garters of knitted yarn, a black or gray knitted cap falling in a point behind, and the stout, unlovely larrigans. In the winter were added a heavy, hooded woolen capote, belted with a scarf, and knitted mittens.

But at festival times, which were many, the dress was by no means thus sombre. The jacket of deerskin, tight-sleeved or sleeveless, after the Indian fashion, and decorated with colored cloth or quill-work, was much affected by the young gallants. Their belt was likely to be of scarlet or green silk, their garters equally brilliant, and their leggins either of fringed deerskin or fine red wool. On their feet—almost womanishly small—they would wear low, embroidered moccasins, fastened with a thong run through their tops, an inch and a half below the ankle-bone, and tied over the instep.

The Acadians were fond of good living, and their tables, save on Fridays, were well furnished. In summer, owing to the lack of markets and the absence of refrigerators, they had little fresh meat; but the gap was filled by the choicest of fish. The fat shad of Minas and Chignecto, the pink salmon of the Gaspereau and Piziquid, the firm-fleshed trout of every tumbling stream, made fish-days no penance. Then there were, in season, the fruits which I have mentioned already; while the gardens furnished all those vegetables which any woman of French race knows how to cook to a charm.

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The Acadians loved sugar, and had it in abundance from their groves of maple trees, which they tapped every spring when the March suns had set the sap running. Their doughnuts, fried in boiling lard and rolled thick with maple sugar, are appetizing to read of. They must have had a more piquant and wilding flavor than our characterless white sugar can give them.

Among the Acadians of the wealthier class a dish called the "Easter pasty" had almost the dignity of an institution. It was a huge pie with lower crust an inch thick, and stuffed with something like the following delectable assortment: A turkey, two chickens, partridge, pigeons, and the thighs of rabbit, according to taste, thin slices of pork, balls of forcemeat, whole onions, and all the spices of the housewife's list. This was eaten cold.

In winter there was little work to be done, and visiting, in snugly blanketed "pungs," or box-sleighs, with bells gayly a-jingle on the stinging air, was much more to the Acadian taste than sitting at home to hug the fireplace. From Christmas time to Ash Wednesday the Acadians had little to do but enjoy themselves.

At other times of the year there was little visiting, except on the occasion of a wedding. A wedding, of course, was an event whose importance transcended all seasons saving only the inviolable Lent. A wedding, especially if it took place at a house detached from the villages, was pretty sure to be in a summer month, when guests could sleep in the barns and sheds, or even behind the woodpile.

From all parts of the countryside the guests would flock, afoot or in their springy buckboards, or by laughing, shouting companies packed in tall-framed hay-carts. For several days the revel would keep up, day and night alike, and the bridegroom ever compelled to ignore his bride for the duty of entertaining his friends. Dance, eat, drink while you can, sleep when you must, without regard to the clock, for time is made for slaves—this was the philosophy that ruled at such festivals.

The end to this innocently merry life came in 1755.

France had ceded to England, by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, "all Nova Scotia or Acadia comprehended within its ancient boundaries," to belong to the English Crown forever. But she never really gave up the hope of regaining this lost jewel.

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The English, fully appreciating the thrift, health and diligence of the Acadians, treated them with every indulgence in the hope of attaching them firmly to the new flag; but the secret agents of France were continually at work to counteract these efforts.

Good government, however, and freedom from taxation told at last, and the Acadians began to accept the English rule with something more than patience. They seemed ready even to take the unqualified oath of allegiance.

Then France, or rather Quebec, played stronger cards. The Acadians were threatened with excommunication. The notorious Abbé Le Loutre, missionary to the Micmacs of the Shubenacadie, was employed to terrorize them with his savages. Some were misled into joining the savages in bloody raids upon the English settlements. Others were prevented from supplying the Halifax garrison with food, and forced to send all their grain and cattle to Louisburg.

The English patience began to give way. The Acadians were pressed to take the unqualified oath of allegiance to England, and were threatened with chastisement if they refused. They feared France, they feared Le Loutre and his savages, more than they did the English, whose indulgence they had known for twoscore years. They did not know the iron hand under the velvet.

At last, as the English demands grew more pressing, Le Loutre, by threats and persuasion, got some thousands of these unhappy people to forsake their homes and take new lands on the French side of the boundary—across the Missaquash, about Louisburg, or in Isle St. Jean (now Prince Edward Island).

Torn this way and that, the Acadians for the most part took refuge in obstinate inaction; but enough of them followed Le Loutre to convince the English that they were all incorrigibly disloyal. At last, and reluctantly, the decree of exile went forth.

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The story of that great exile has been told well and often. I will not retell it here. Suffice to say that from Chignecto, Pisiquid, Grand Pré and Annapolis the English ships carried away about six thousand people, to scatter them among the English colonies from Boston to the Gulf of Mexico.

The act was harsh and terrible, but the weight of evidence goes to show that it was a necessary move in the fierce game of Empire then being played out upon this continent. Two things should be remembered in connection with it. It was done at the demand of New England, not of Old England; for New England had grown tired of the Acadian wasp-nest at her doors. And the numbers of the Acadians forced into exile by Le Loutre and French policy were nearly equal to those carried off in the English ships. The story as told by Longfellow is true to the pathos of the situation, but does not present the exigencies which led to it.

After the banishment hundreds of the exiles stole back, unable to live away from their *Belle Acadie*. They formed settlements, interesting and romantic to this day, on the upper waters of the St. John and on the gulf coast of New Brunswick, on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia eastward from Halifax, and at the Fundy mouth between Digby and Yarmouth. They were suffered to return in peace; but their old fair lands of rich dyke and swelling upland, the pleasant rushing of Five Rivers, the sleepless tides of Minas, and the vast blue Cape of Blomidon, these were to know them no more.

"This is that black rock bastion, based in surge,
Pregnant with agate and with amethyst,
Whose foot the tides of storied Minas scourge,
Whose top austere withdraws into its mist.
This is that ancient cape of tears and storm,
Whose towering front inviolable frowns
O'er vales Evangeline and love keep warm—
Whose fame thy song, oh, tender singer, crowns.
Yonder, across those reeling fields of foam,
Came the sad threat of the avenging ships.
What profit now to know if just the doom
Though harsh! The streaming eyes, the praying lips,
The shadow of inextinguishable pain,
The poet's deathless music—these remain!"

• • • • • •

AN OUTDOOR LITANY

BY Louise Imogen Guiney

THE spur is red upon the briar,
The sea-kelp whips the wave ashore;
The wind shakes out the colored fire
From lamps a-row on the sycamore;
The tanager, with flitting note,
Shows to wild heaven his wedding coat;
The mink is busy; herds again
Go hillward in the honeyed rain;
The midges meet. I cry to Thee
Whose heart
Remembers each of these: Thou art
My God who hast forgotten me.

Bright from the mast, a scarf unwound,
The lined gulls in the offing ride;
Along an edge of marshy ground
The shad-bush enters like a bride.
Yon little clouds are washed of care
That climb the blue New England air,
And almost merrily withal
The tree-frog plays at evenfall
His oboe in a mossy tree.
So, too,
Am I not Thine? Arise, undo
This fear Thou hast forgotten me.

Happy the vernal rout that come
To their due offices to-day,
And strange, if in Thy mercy's sum,
Excluded man alone decay.
I ask no triumph, ask no joy,
Save only life in law's employ.
As to a weed, to me but give
Thy sap! lest aye inoperative
Here in the Pit my strength shall be:
And still
Help me endure the Pit, until
Thou wilt not have forgotten me.

"Where there is hunger, law is not regarded,"

as "Poor Richard" says;

and Nature's laws are inexorable. There is a hunger in the pale faces of the rich equally pitiable with that betrayed in the pinched features of beggars. It is a deplorable fact that so few of us understand the special needs of our bodies in the way of proper nourishment. The vital forces seem to do their work for a time with almost any fuel we may cast into the furnace, but their real hunger is soon apparent in the sallow visage of the dyspeptic or the pallid countenance of the anæmic; and no wonder, when even our bread, "the staff of life," has been devitalized in the white flour of the modern miller—the gluten, most important constituent of a grain of wheat, has been sacrificed to whiteness, and for appearance's sake only. What FRANKLIN FLOUR (made from the entire kernel) is, and what its use means to health, is explained in our booklet, sent free.

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Famous Feuds
By ex-Senator J. J. Ingalls

Tragedy of the Ten-Talent Men
By Newell Dwight Hillis

All the World's Mad
By Gilbert Parker

The Little House in the Little Street Where the Sun Never Came
By John Luther Long

The Circle of a Century
By Mrs. Burton Harrison

AND OTHER FEATURES OF INTEREST

The AMERICAN AMBASSADOR at the ENGLISH COURT

by

W. L. Alden

MORE years ago than I care to remember I was a law student in the office of Evarts & Southmayd. The office was at No. 5 Hanover Street, opposite the great granite pile that was then the New York Exchange. The sun never shone in its windows, and the smoke and dust of soft coal fires added to the dinginess of the place. There was a peculiar but not unpleasant smell in that office, which I now know to have been the characteristic smell of London smoke. I entered the office in winter, and I remember that it rained nearly every day. That winter No. 5 Hanover Street was in London rather than in New York.

One day there came into the office a tall, handsome young man whose bright blue eyes and cheery manner seemed to bring sunshine into the place. This was Mr. Joseph H. Choate, the junior partner of the new firm of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate.

There were people who wondered why so young a man as Mr. Choate had been admitted to partnership with such men as Evarts and Southmayd, but the old firm knew its man. It was not long before Mr. Choate was universally recognized as the most promising man at the bar, and he steadily rose until he became its unquestioned leader.

Young men are prone to hero worship, as has been remarked some millions of times. In those days Mr. Choate was my hero. Nobody could have known him without recognizing the sweetness and light that shone in his face. It was the face of a man who looked always on the bright side of things, and who was destined never to have a single enemy.

•

When I left the office and opened a six-by-nine office of my own, it was Mr. Choate who sent me my first case. At nine o'clock on the morning when I first sat down at my own desk I received an envelope containing the papers of this case. I don't remember what it was, but I have never forgotten the kindness of Mr. Choate in shedding that gleam of early encouragement.

HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE

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The offices of the American Embassy in London are situated in Victoria Street, not far from Victoria Station. In general dinginess they are strikingly like the old Hanover Street offices. They are warmed by the same coal fires, and have the same smell of smoke, fog and damp that characterized the Hanover Street rooms during the winter that I was a law student.

In his inner office sits Mr. Joseph H. Choate, the United States Ambassador. There is no denying that he is older than he was when he became the junior partner of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate. The once round, ruddy cheeks have lines of study, work and care, and the hair has taken on the tint of age. But it is the same Choate. There is the same cheery manner, the same unmistakable air of being at peace with all the world.

•

When I first knew him he might have been, so far as looks were concerned, a young English subaltern. Now he might be a General-in-Chief. There is the look of power in the man. You see at a glance that he is not merely a genial man, a clever man, a lovable man. You know at once that he is intellectually a great man.

London took to Mr. Choate at once. It could not well do anything else. I defy any man to meet Mr. Choate without liking him. To succeed men like Lowell, and Phelps, and Bayard, and Hay is not the easiest of tasks, but from the day Mr. Choate landed at Southampton there was not a shadow of doubt that he was in his right place. Other American Ministers and Ambassadors have been popular in London society, but Mr. Choate is morally certain to be the most popular American representative that has ever been sent to the Court of St. James.

I could wish that he had a more cheerful office in which to spend his working hours. The American Embassy does not reflect any credit upon the American Government. While the Italian Ambassador is provided by his Government with a beautifully furnished palace on one of the aristocratic squares of the West End, the American Embassy is in an out-of-the-way, cheap, and not particularly healthy locality. It may have done very well for a Western Republic that cared nothing for the opinion of Europe, but it is not the place for the representative of the expanded Republic that proposes to have a finger in all sorts of European and Asiatic pies.

Mr. Choate's first speech was, as a matter of course, severely criticised by a part of the American press. It was a capital speech, but as it was not wholly devoid of ideas, it naturally offended some one among the seventy millions of Mr. Choate's fellow-countrymen. An American Ambassador in England is expected to make speeches, but it is nearly impossible for him to make a speech which will not give offense. If he touches on any question of politics, political economy or religion he is sure to displease a very large proportion of his constituents. If he speaks in a friendly tone of Great Britain the Irish-Americans object. Of course he cannot speak of England in an unfriendly way. What, then, is he to do?

•

The late General Schenck fancied that he found a way out of the difficulty by inducing the English people to learn the delights of poker, but even this expedient was a failure, for there were Americans who denounced him roundly for seeking to corrupt the innocent British public with a bold, bad Western game. It is true that there is Shakespeare and our common tongue. American Ambassadors can always mention Shakespeare, and can always remark upon the astonishing fact that the Americans can read English, and hence can claim a partnership in Shakespeare.

But when this has been said a few hundred times by several hundred American after-dinner speakers it loses the zest of novelty. Whenever an American is called upon to speak at an English dinner his audience always waits gloomily for that reference to Shakespeare and a common tongue. Wild applause uniformly greets it, but that simply means, "Thank Heaven! He's got it over at last."

No, Mr. Choate is not the sort of man to repeat venerable platitudes. I don't believe that anything could induce him to mention Shakespeare and our common tongue in an after-dinner speech. But if he gives up this time-hallowed formula, what is he to say?

•

The United States Government ought to issue instructions to its foreign representatives as to this matter of speech-making. It might order that speeches be confined to half a dozen safe topics, such as astronomy, electricity, and the search for the North Pole. Ambassadors could discourse on such topics with very little fear of treading on the ubiquitous feet of the seventy millions at home.

For example, let us suppose that Mr. Choate is invited to lay the corner-stone of a hospital for seamen. How nicely he could bring in a reference to the planet Neptune in the very first sentence of his speech!

If there should be any diplomatic business of any consequence to be transacted by Mr. Choate we may be very sure that it would be transacted in a way to avoid all friction between England and America. Those Americans who used to fancy that Englishmen hated Americans were very wide of the truth; but I confess that I was somewhat surprised to find how deep and warm is the English regard for America, now that the opportunity for expressing it has occurred. This good feeling between the two countries will surely be strengthened by Mr. Choate's occupancy of the post of Ambassador. Doubtless he will make speeches to which exception will be taken here and there in America, for he could not to save his life make a speech wholly devoid of ideas of any sort, and the Government has not yet instructed him to confine his speeches to astronomy or electricity. But so far he has made a most excellent impression in England, and this impression will only be deepened. Let us hope that he will not again be stricken down by illness, but that he will serve out his term, and then return, perhaps, to higher honors in his native land!

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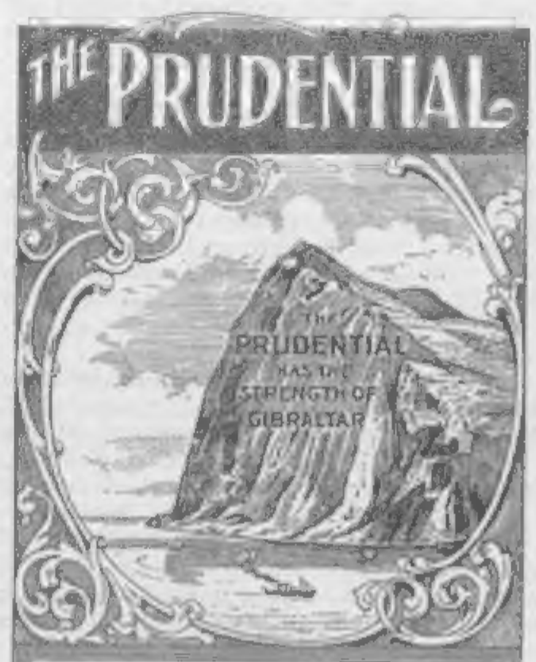

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